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THE

WORKS

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS.

WITH

PREFACES,

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE THIRTY-EIGHTH.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY H. GOLDNEY;

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THE

THIRTY-EIGHTH VOLUME

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS;

CONTAINING

LANSDOWNE.

THE

POEMS

OF

GEORGE GRANVILLE,

LORD LANSDOWNE.

To rectify therefore all paſt miſtakes, and to prevent all future impoſitions, I have been prevailed upon to give way to this preſent Publication; diſowning whatever has been, or may hereafter be publiſhed in my name, but what has the ſanction of being printed by Mr. Jacob Tonſon and Mr. Lawton Gilliver; excepting two Comedies, intitled, *Once a Lover, and always a Lover*; and, *The Jew of Venice*, altered from Shakeſpear.

As theſe Poems ſeem to begin where Mr. Waller left off, though far unequal and ſhort of ſo inimitable an original; they may, however, be permitted to remain to poſterity as a faithful regiſter of the reigning beauties in the ſucceeding age.

Upon that merit alone the Author preſumes to recommend them to the patronage of the Fair Sex.

LANSDOWNE.

LANS-

LANSDOWNE'S POEMS.

TO THE EARL OF PETERBOROUGH,

ON HIS HAPPY ACCOMPLISHMENT OF THE MARRIAGE BETWEEN HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS AND THE PRINCESS MARY D'ESTE, OF MODENA. WRITTEN SEVERAL YEARS AFTER, IN IMITATION OF THE STYLE OF MR. WALLER.

HIS Juno barren in unfruitful joys,
Our Britiſh Jove his nuptial hours employs:
So Fate ordains, that all our hopes may be,
And all our proſpect, gallant York, in thee.
By the ſame wiſh aſpiring Queens are led,
Each languiſhing to mount his royal bed;
His youth, his wiſdom, and his early fame
Create in every breaſt a rival flame:
Remoteſt Kings ſit trembling on their thrones,
As if no diſtance could ſecure their crowns;

Fearing his valour, wisely they contend
To bribe with beauty so renown'd a friend
Beauty the price, there need no other arts,
Love is the surest bait for heroes hearts:
Nor can the Fair conceal as high concern,
To see the Prince, for whom, unseen, they burn.
Brave York, attending to the general voice,
At length resolves to make the wish'd-for choice,
To noble Mordaunt, generous and just,
Of his great heart, he gives the sacred trust:
" Thy choice, said he, shall well direct that heart,
" Where thou, my best belov'd, hast such a part,
" In council oft, and oft in battle try'd,
" Betwixt thy master, and the world decide."
The chosen Mercury prepares t' obey
This high command. Gently ye winds convey
And with auspicious gales his safety wait,
On whom depend Great Britain's hopes and fate.
So Jason with his Argonauts, from Greece
To Cholcos sail'd, to seek the Golden Fleece.
As when the Goddesses came down of old
On Ida's hill, so many ages told,
With gifts their young Dardanian Judge they try'd,
And each bade high to win him to her side;
So tempt they him, and emulously vie
To bribe a voice that empires would not buy;
With balls and banquets, his pleas'd sense they bait,
And Queens and Kings upon his pleasures wait.
Th' impartial Judge surveys with vast delight
All that the sun surrounds of fair and bright,

Then,

Then, ſtrictly juſt, he with adoring eyes,
To radiant Eſté gives the royal prize.
Of antique ſtock her high deſcent ſhe brings,
Born to renew the race of Britain's Kings;
Who could deſerve, like her, in whom we ſee
United, all that Paris found in three.
O equal Pair! when both were ſet above
All other merit, but each other's love.

Welcome, bright Princeſs, to Great Britain's ſhore,
As Berecynthia to high Heaven, who bore
That ſhining race of Goddeſſes and Gods
That fill'd the ſkies, and rul'd the bleſt abodes:
From thee, my Muſe expects as noble Themes,
Another Mars and Jove, another James;
Our future hopes, all from thy womb ariſe;
Our preſent joy and ſafety, from your eyes,
Thoſe charming eyes, which ſhine to reconcile
To harmony and peace, our ſtubborn Iſle.
On brazen Memnon, Phœbus caſts a ray,
And the tough metal, ſo ſalutes the day.

The Britiſh Dame, fam'd for reſiſtleſs grace,
Contends not now, but for the ſecond place,
Our love ſuſpended, we neglect the fair
For whom we burn'd, to gaze adoring here.
So ſang the ſyrens with enchanting ſound,
Enticing all to liſten and be drown'd;
Till Orpheus raviſh'd in a nobler ſtrain,
They ceas'd to ſing, or, ſinging, charm'd in vain.

This bleſt alliance, Peterborow, may
Th' indebted Nation bounteouſly repay;

Thy ſtatues, for the Genius of our land,
With palm adorn'd, on every threſhold ſtand.

——————Utinam modò dicere poſſem
Carmina digna Deâ: Certè eſt Dea carmine digna:

SPOKEN BY THE AUTHOR, BEING THEN NOT TWELVE YEARS OF AGE, TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF YORK, AT TRINITY COLLEGE IN CAMBRIDGE.

WHEN join'd in one, the Good, the Fair, the Great,
Deſcend to view the Muſes humble ſeat,
Though in mean lines, they their vaſt joys declare,
Yet for Sincerity and Truth, they dare
With your own TASSO's mighty ſelf compare.
Then, bright and merciful as Heav'n, receive
From them ſuch praiſes, as to Heav'n they give,
Their praiſes for that gentle influence,
Which thoſe auſpicious lights, your eyes, diſpenſe;
Thoſe radiant eyes, whoſe irreſiſtleſs flame
Strikes Envy dumb, and keeps Sedition tame:
They can to gazing multitudes give law,
Convert the factious, and the rebel awe;
They conquer for the Duke, where-e'er you tread,
Millions of proſelytes, behind are led;

Through

Through crowds of new-made converts ſtill you go,
Pleas'd and triumphant at the glorious ſhow.
Happy that Prince who has in you obtain'd
A greater conqueſt than his arms e'er gain'd.
With all War's rage, he may abroad o'ercome,
But Love 's a gentler victory at home;
Securely here, he on that face relies,
Lays by his arms, and conquers with your eyes.
And all the glorious actions of his life
Thinks well rewarded, bleſt with ſuch a Wife.

TO THE KING.

IN THE FIRST YEAR OF HIS MAJESTY'S REIGN.

MAY all thy years, like this, auſpicious be,
And bring thee crowns, and peace, and victory!
Scarce hadſt thou time t'unſheath thy conqu'ring blade,
It did but glitter, and the rebels fled:
Thy ſword, the ſafeguard of thy brother's throne,
Is now as much the bulwark of thy own.
Aw'd by thy fame, the trembling nations ſend
Throughout the world, to court ſo firm a friend.
The guilty Senates, that refus'd thy ſway,
Repent their crime, and haſten to obey;
Tribute they raiſe, and vows and off'rings bring,
Confeſs their phrenzy, and confirm their King,

Who

Who with their venom overſpread thy ſoil,
Thoſe ſcorpions of the ſtate, preſent their oil.
So the world's Saviour, like a mortal dreſt,
Although by daily miracles confeſt,
Accus'd of evil doctrine by the Jews,
The giddy crowd their rightful Prince refuſe;
But when they ſaw ſuch terror in the ſkies,
The temple rent, their King in glory riſe;
Seiz'd with amaze, they own'd their lawful Lord,
And ſtruck with guilt, bow'd, trembl'd, and ador'd.

TO THE KING.

THO' train'd in arms, and learn'd in martial arts,
Thou chooſeſt, not to conquer men, but hearts;
Expecting nations for thy triumphs wait,
But thou prefer'ſt the name of JUST to GREAT.
So Jove ſuſpends his ſubject world to doom,
Which, would he pleaſe to thunder, he'd conſume.
O! could the ghoſts of mighty heroes dead,
Return on earth, and quit th' Elyſian ſhade!
Brutus to James would truſt the people's cauſe;
Thy juſtice is a ſtronger guard than laws.
Marius and Sylla would reſign to thee,
Nor Cæſar and great Pompey rivals be;
Or rivals only, who ſhould beſt obey,
And Cato give his voice for regal ſway.

TO

TO THE KING.

HEROES of old, by rapine, and by ſpoil,
In ſearch of fame, did all the world embroil;
Thus to their Gods each then ally'd his name,
This ſprang from Jove, and that from Titan came:
With equal valour, and the ſame ſucceſs,
Dread King, might'ſt thou the univerſe oppreſs;
But Chriſtian laws conſtrain thy martial pride,
Peace is thy choice, and Piety thy guide;
By thy example Kings are taught to ſway,
Heroes to fight, and ſaints may learn to pray.
From Gods deſcended, and of race divine,
Neſtor in council, and Ulyſſes ſhine;
But in a day of battle, all would yield
To the fierce maſter of the ſeven-fold ſhield:
Their very deities were grac'd no more,
Mars had the courage, Jove the thunder bore.
But all perfections meet in James alone,
And Britain's King is all the Gods in one.

TO THE AUTHOR,

ON HIS FOREGOING

VERSES TO THE KING.

BY MR. EDMUND WALLER.

AN early plant, which ſuch a bloſſom bears,
And ſhows a genius ſo beyond his years,
A judgment that could make ſo fair a choice,
So high a ſubject to employ his voice;
Still as it grows, how ſweetly will he ſing
The growing greatneſs of our matchleſs King.

ANSWER.

TO MR. WALLER.

WHEN into Libya the young Grecian came,
To talk with Hammon, and conſult for fame;
When from the ſacred tripod where he ſtood,
The prieſt inſpir'd, ſaluted him a God;
Scarce ſuch a joy that haughty victor knew,
Thus own'd by Heaven, as I, thus prais'd by you.
Whoe'er their names can in thy numbers ſhow,
Have more than empire, and immortal grow;

Ages

Ages to come ſhall ſcorn the pow'rs of old,
When in thy verſe, of greater Gods they 're told;
Our beauteous Queen, and royal James's name,
For Jove and Juno ſhall be plac'd by Fame;
Thy Charles for Neptune ſhall the ſeas command,
And Sacariſſa ſhall for Venus ſtand:
Greece ſhall no longer boaſt, nor haughty Rome,
But think from Britain all the Gods did come.

TO THE IMMORTAL MEMORY OF

MR. EDMUND WALLER,

UPON HIS DEATH.

ALIKE partaking of celeſtial fire,
Poets and Heroes to renown aſpire,
'Till crown'd with honour, and immortal name,
By wit, or valour, led to equal fame,
They mingle with the Gods who breath'd the noble flame.
To high exploits, the praiſes that belong,
Live, but as nouriſh'd by the Poet's ſong.
A tree of life is ſacred Poetry,
Sweet is the fruit, and tempting to the eye;
Many there are, who nibble without leave,
But none who are not born to taſte, ſurvive.

WALLER

WALLER ſhall never die, of life ſecure,
As long as Fame, or aged Time endure,
WALLER, the Muſe's darling, free to taſte
Of all their ſtores, the maſter of the feaſt;
Not like old Adam, ſtinted in his choice,
But Lord of all the ſpacious paradiſe.

Thoſe foes to Virtue, Fortune, and Mankind,
Fav'ring his fame, once, to do juſtice join'd;
No carping critic interrupts his praiſe;
No rival ſtrives, but for a ſecond place;
No want conſtrain'd; (the writer's uſual fate)
A Poet with a plentiful eſtate;
The firſt of mortals who before the tomb,
Struck that pernicious monſter, Envy, dumb;
Malice and Pride, thoſe ſavages, diſarm'd;
Not Orpheus with ſuch powerful magic charm'd.
Scarce in the grave can we allow him more,
Than living we agreed to give before.

His noble Muſe employ'd her generous rage
In crowning virtue, ſcorning to engage
The vice and follies of an impious age.
No ſatyr lurks within this hallow'd ground,
But nymphs and heroines, kings and gods abound;
Glory, and arms, and love, is all the ſound.
His Eden with no Serpent is defil'd,
But all is gay, delicious all, and mild.

Miſtaken men, his Muſe of flattery blame,
Adorning twice an impious tyrant's name,
We raiſe our own, by giving fame to foes;
The valour that he prais'd, he did oppoſe.

Nor

Nor were his thoughts to poetry confin'd,
The ſtate, and buſineſs ſhar'd his ample mind;
As all the Fair were captives to his wit,
So Senates to his wiſdom would ſubmit;
His voice ſo ſoft, his eloquence ſo ſtrong,
Like Cato's was his ſpeech, like Ovid's was his ſong.

Our Britiſh kings are rais'd above the herſe,
Immortal made, in his immortal verſe;
No more are Mars and Jove poetic themes,
But the celeſtial Charles's, and juſt James:
Juno and Pallas, all the ſhining race
Of heavenly beauties, to the Queen give place;
Clear, like her brow, and graceful was his ſong,
Great, like her mind, and like her virtue ſtrong.

Parent of Gods, who doſt to Gods remove,
Where art thou plac'd? And which thy ſeat above?
WALLER, the God of Verſe, we will proclaim,
Not Phœbus now, but WALLER be his name;
Of joyful Bards, the ſweet ſeraphic choir
Acknowledge thee their oracle and fire;
The Spheres do homage, and the Muſes ſing
WALLER, the God of Verſe, who was the King.

TO

TO MYRA.

LOVING AT FIRST SIGHT.

NO warning of th' approaching flame,
Swiftly, like ſudden death, it came;
Like travellers, by light'ning kill'd,
I burnt the moment I beheld.

In whom ſo many charms are plac'd,
Is with a mind as nobly grac'd;
The caſe ſo ſhining to behold,
Is fill'd with richeſt gems, and gold.

To what my eyes admir'd before,
I add a thouſand graces more;
And Fancy blows into a flame,
The ſpark that from her beauty came.

The object thus improv'd by thought,
By my own image I am caught;
Pygmalion ſo, with fatal art
Poliſh'd the form that ſtung his heart.

TO MYRA.

WARN'D, and made wiſe by others flame,
I fled from whence ſuch miſchiefs came,
Shunning the Sex, that kills at ſight,
I ſought my ſafety in my flight.

But, ah! in vain from fate fly,
For firſt, or laſt, as all muſt die;
So 'tis as much decreed above,
That firſt, or laſt, we all muſt love.

My heart which ſtood ſo long the ſhock
Of winds and waves, like ſome firm rock,
By one bright ſpark from Myra thrown,
Is into flame, like powder, blown.

SONG.

TO MYRA.

FOOLISH Love, begone, ſaid I,
Vain are thy attempts on me;
Thy ſoft allurements I defy,
Women, thoſe fair diſſemblers, fly,
My heart was never made for thee.

Love heard; and ſtraight prepar'd a dart;
Myra, revenge my cauſe, ſaid he:
Too ſure 'twas ſhot, I feel the ſmart,
It rends my brain, and tears my heart;
O Love! my conqu'ror, pity me.

AN IMITATION OF THE SECOND CHORUS IN THE SECOND ACT OF SENECA'S THYESTES.

WHEN will the Gods, propitious to our prayers,
Compoſe our factions, and conclude our wars?
Ye ſons of Inachus, repent the guilt
Of crowns uſurp'd, and blood of parents ſpilt;
For impious greatneſs, vengeance is in ſtore;
Short is the date of all ill-gotten power.
Give ear, ambitious Princes, and be wiſe;
Liſten, and learn wherein true greatneſs lies:
Place not your pride in roofs that ſhine with gems,
In purple robes, nor ſparkling diadems;
Nor in dominion, nor extent of land:
He's only great, who can himſelf command,
Whoſe guard is peaceful innocence, whoſe guide
Is faithful reaſon; who is void of pride.
Checking ambition; nor is idly vain
Of the falſe incenſe of a popular train;
Who without ſtrife, or envy, can behold
His neighbour's plenty, and his heaps of gold;

Nor

Nor covets other wealth, but what we find
In the poſſeſſions of a virtuous mind.
Fearleſs he ſees, who is with virtue crown'd,
The tempeſt rage, and hears the thunder ſound;
Ever the ſame, let Fortune ſmile or frown,
On the red ſcaffold, or the blazing throne;
Serenely, as he liv'd, reſigns his breath,
Meets deſtiny half way, nor ſhrinks at death.
Ye ſovereign Lords, who ſit like Gods in ſtate,
Awing the world, and buſtling to be great;
Lords but in title, vaſſals in effect,
Whom luſt controuls, and wild deſires direct:
The reins of empire but ſuch hands diſgrace,
Where Paſſion, a blind driver, guides the race.
What is this Fame, thus crowded round with ſlaves?
The breath of fools, the bait of flattering knaves:
An honeſt heart, a conſcience free from blame,
Not of great acts, but good, give me the name:
In vain we plant, we build, our ſtores increaſe,
If conſcience roots up all our inward peace.
What need of arms, or inſtruments of war,
Or battering engines that deſtroy from far?
The greateſt king, and conqueror is he,
Who Lord of his own appetites can be;
Bleſt with a pow'r that nothing can deſtroy,
And all have equal freedom to enjoy.
Whom worldly luxury, and pomps allure,
They tread on ice, and find no footing ſure;
Place me, ye Powers! in ſome obſcure retreat,
O! keep me innocent, make others great:

In quiet ſhades, content with rural ſports,
Give me a life remote from guilty courts,
Where free from hopes or fears, in humble eaſe,
Unheard of, I may live and die in peace.

Happy the man who thus retir'd from ſight,
Studies himſelf, and ſeeks no other light:
But moſt unhappy he, who ſits on high,
Expos'd to every tongue and every eye;
Whoſe follies blaz'd about, to all are known,
But are a ſecret to himſelf alone:
Worſe is an evil Fame, much worſe than none.

A LOYAL EXHORTATION.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1688.

OF Kings dethron'd, and blood of brethren ſpilt,
In vain, O Britain! you'd avert the guilt;
If crimes which your forefathers bluſh'd to own,
Repeated, call for heavier vengeance down.

Tremble, ye people who your Kings diſtreſs,
Tremble, ye Kings, for people you oppreſs;
Th' Eternal ſees, arm'd with his forky rods,
The riſe and fall of empire's from the Gods.

VERSES

SENT TO THE AUTHOR IN HIS RETIREMENT.

WRITTEN BY MRS. ELIZABETH HIGGONS.

I.

WHY, Granville, is thy life to ſhades confin'd,
Thou whom the Gods deſign'd
In public to do credit to mankind?
Why ſleeps the noble ardour of thy blood,
Which from thy anceſtors, ſo many ages paſt,
From Rollo down to Bevil flow'd,
And then appear'd again at laſt?
In thee, when thy victorious lance
Bore the diſputed prize from all the youth of France.

II.

In the firſt trials which are made for fame,
Thoſe to whom Fate ſucceſs denies,
If taking counſel from their ſhame,
They modeſtly retreat, are wiſe.
But why ſhould you who ſtill ſucceed,
Whether with graceful art you lead
The fiery barb, or with as graceful motion tread,
In ſhining balls, where all agree
To give the higheſt praiſe to thee.
Such harmony in every motion 's found,
As art could ne'er expreſs by any ſound.

III.

So lov'd and prais'd, whom all admire,
Why, why ſhould you from courts and camps retire?
If Myra is unkind, if it can be,
That any nymph can be unkind to thee;
If penſive made by love, you thus retire,
Awake your Muſe, and ſtring your lyre;
Your tender ſong, and your melodious ſtrain,
Can never be addreſt in vain;
She needs muſt love, and we ſhall have you back again.

OCCASIONED BY THE FOREGOING VERSES.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1690.

CEASE, tempting Siren, ceaſe thy flattering ſtrain,
Sweet is thy charming ſong, but ſung in vain:
When the winds blow, and loud the tempeſts roar,
What fool would truſt the waves, and quit the ſhore?
Early, and vain, into the world I came,
Big with falſe hopes, and eager after fame;
Till looking round me, ere the race began,
Madmen, and giddy fools, were all that ran;
Reclaim'd betimes, I from the liſts retire,
And thank the Gods, who my retreat inſpire.
In happier times our anceſtors were bred,
When virtue was the only path to tread:

Give

Give me, ye Gods! but the ſame road to fame,
Whate'er my fathers dar'd, I dare the ſame.
Chang'd is the ſcene, ſome baneful planet rules
An impious world, contriv'd for knaves and fools.
Look now around, and with impartial eyes
Conſider, and examine all who riſe;
Weigh well their actions, and their treacherous ends,
How greatneſs grows, and by what ſteps aſcends;
What murders, treaſons, perjuries, deceit;
How many cruſh'd, to make one monſter great.
Would you command? Have fortune in your power?
Hug when you ſtab, and ſmile when you devour?
Be bloody, falſe, flatter, forſwear, and lie,
Turn pander, pathick, paraſite, or ſpy;
Such thriving arts may your wiſh'd purpoſe bring,
A Miniſter at leaſt, perhaps a King.
Fortune, we moſt unjuſtly partial call,
A miſtreſs free, who bids alike to all;
But on ſuch terms as only ſuit the baſe,
Honour denies and ſhuns the foul embrace.
The honeſt man, who ſtarves and is undone,
Not fortune, but his virtue keeps him down.
Had Cato bent beneath the conquering cauſe,
He might have liv'd to give new Senates laws;
But on vile terms diſdaining to be great,
He periſh'd by his choice, and not his fate.
Honours and life, th' uſurper bids, and all
That vain miſtaken men good-fortune call,
Virtue forbids, and ſets before his eyes
An honeſt death, which he accepts, and dies:

O glorious reſolution! Noble pride!
More honour'd, than the tyrant liv'd, he dy'd;
More lov'd, more prais'd, more envy'd in his doom,
Than Cæſar trampling on the rights of Rome.
The virtuous nothing fear, but life with ſhame,
And death's a pleaſant road that leads to fame.
On bones, and ſcraps of dogs let me be fed,
My limbs uncover'd, and expos'd my head
To bleakeſt colds, a kennel be my bed.
This, and all other martyrdom for thee,
Seems glorious, all, thrice beauteous Honeſty!
Judge me, ye powers! let Fortune tempt or frown,
I ſtand prepar'd, my honour is my own.
Ye great Diſturbers, who in endleſs noiſe,
In blood and rapine ſeek unnatural joys;
For what is all this buſtle but to ſhun
Thoſe thoughts with which you dare not be alone?
As men in miſery, oppreſt with care,
Seek in the rage of wine to drown deſpair.
Let others fight, and eat their bread in blood,
Regardleſs if the cauſe be bad or good;
Or cringe in courts, depending on the nods
Of ſtrutting pigmies who would paſs for Gods.
For me, unpractis'd in the courtiers ſchool,
Who loathe a knave, and tremble at a fool;
Who honour generous Wycherley oppreſt,
Poſſeſt of little, worthy of the beſt,
Rich in himſelf, in virtue that outſhines
All but the fame of his immortal lines,

More than the wealthieſt lord, who helps to drain
The famiſh'd land, and rolls in impious gain:
What can I hope in courts? Or how ſucceed?
Tygers and wolves ſhall in the ocean breed,
The whale and dolphin fatten on the mead;
And every element exchange its kind,
Ere thriving Honeſty in courts we find.

Happy the man, of mortals happieſt he,
Whoſe quiet mind from vain deſires is free;
Whom neither hopes deceive, nor fears torment,
But lives at peace, within himſelf content,
In thought, or act, accountable to none,
But to himſelf, and to the Gods alone:
O ſweetneſs of content! ſeraphic joy!
Which nothing wants, and nothing can deſtroy.

Where dwells this peace, this freedom of the mind!
Where, but in ſhades remote from human kind;
In flowery vales, where nymphs and ſhepherds meet,
But never comes within the palace gate.
Farewel then cities, courts, and camps, farewel,
Welcome, ye groves, here let me ever dwell,
From cares, from buſineſs, and mankind remove,
All but the muſes, and inſpiring Love:
How ſweet the morn! How gentle is the night!
How calm the evening! And the day how bright!

From hence, as from a hill, I view below
The crowded world, a mighty wood in ſhow,
Where ſeveral wanderers travel day and night,
By different paths, and none are in the right.

SONG.

SONG.

LOVE is by Fancy led about
From hope to fear, from joy to doubt;
Whom we now an angel call,
Divinely grac'd in every feature,
Straight 's a deform'd, a perjur'd creature;
Love and hate are Fancy all.

'Tis but as Fancy ſhall preſent
Objects of grief, or of content,
That the lover 's bleſt, or dies:
Viſions of mighty pain, or pleaſure,
Imagin'd want, imagin'd treaſure,
All in powerful Fancy lies.

BEAUTY AND LAW.

A POETICAL PLEADING.

King Charles II. having made a grant of the reverſion of an office in the court of King's-Bench, to his Son the Duke of Grafton; the Lord Chief Juſtice laying claim to it, as a perquiſite legally belonging to his office, the cauſe came to be heard before the Houſe of Lords, between the Ducheſs, Relict of the ſaid Duke, and the Chief Juſtice.

THE Princes ſat; Beauty and Law contend;
The Queen of Love will her own cauſe defend:
Secure ſhe looks, as certain none can ſee
Such Beauty plead, and not her captive be.
What need of words with ſuch commanding eyes?
Muſt I then ſpeak? O Heav'ns! the charmer cries;
O barbarous clime! where Beauty borrows aid
From eloquence, to charm, or to perſuade!
Will diſcord never leave with envious care
To raiſe debate? But diſcord governs here.
To Juno, Pallas, wiſdom, fame, and power,
Long ſince preferr'd, what trial needs there more?
Confeſs'd to ſight, three Goddeſſes deſcend
On Ida's hill, and for a prize contend;

Nobly

Nobly they bid, and laviſhly purſue
A gift, that only could be Beauty's due:
Honours and wealth the generous judge denies,
And gives the triumph to the brighteſt eyes.
Such precedents are numberleſs, we draw
Our right from cuſtom; cuſtom is a law
As high as heaven, as wide as ſeas or land;
As ancient as the world is our command.
Mars an Alcides would this plea allow:
Beauty was ever abſolute till now.
It is enough that I pronounce it mine,
And, right or wrong, he ſhould his claim reſign:
Not bears nor tygers ſure ſo ſavage are,
As theſe ill-manner'd monſters of the bar.
Loud * rumour has proclaim'd a nymph divine,
Whoſe matchleſs form, to counterbalance mine,
By dint of Beauty ſhall extort your grace:
Let her appear, this rival, face to face;
Let eyes to eyes oppos'd this ſtrife decide;
Now, when I lighten, let her beams be try'd.
Was't a vain promiſe, and a gownman's lie?
Or ſtands ſhe here, unmark'd, when I am by?
So Heav'n was mock'd, and once all Elys round,
Another Jupiter was ſaid to ſound;

* A report ſpread of a beautiful young lady, niece to the Lord Chief Juſtice, who would appear at the bar of the Houſe of Lords, and eclipſe the charms of the Ducheſs of Grafton: No ſuch lady was ſeen there, nor perhaps ever in any part of the world.

On

On brazen floors the royal actor tries
To ape the thunder rattling in the skies;
A brandish'd torch, with emulating blaze,
Affects the forky lightning's pointed rays:
Thus borne aloft, triumphantly he rode
Through crowds of worshippers, and acts the God.
The fire omnipotent prepares the brand,
By Vulcan wrought, and arms his potent hand;
Then flaming hurls it hissing from above,
And in the vast abyss confounds the mimic Jove.
Presumptuous wretch! with mortal art to dare
Immortal power, and brave the thunderer!
Cassiope, preferring with disdain,
Her daughter to the Nereids, they complain;
The daughter, for the mother's guilty scorn,
Is doom'd to be devour'd; the mother 's borne
Above the clouds, where, by immortal light,
Revers'd she shines, expos'd to human sight,
And to a shameful posture is confin'd,
As an eternal terror to mankind.
Did thus the Gods such private nymphs respect?
What Vengeance might the Queen of Love expect?
But grant such arbitrary pleas are vain,
Wav'd let them be; mere justice shall obtain.
Who to a husband justlier can succeed,
Than the soft partner of his nuptial bed;
Or to a father's right lay stronger claim,
Than the dear youth in whom survives his name?
Behold that youth, consider whence he springs,
And in his royal Veins respect your kings:

Immortal

Immortal Jove, upon a mortal ſhe,
Begat his fire: Second from Jove is he.
Well did the father blindly fight your cauſe,
Following the cry—of Liberty and Laws,
If by thoſe laws, for which he loſt his life *,
You ſpoil, ungratefully, the ſon and wife.
What need I more? 'Tis treaſon to diſpute:
The grant was royal; that decides the ſuit.
"Shall vulgar laws imperial power conſtrain?
"Kings, and the Gods, can never act in vain."
She finiſh'd here, the Queen of every grace,
Diſdain vermilioning her heavenly face:
Our hearts take fire, and all in tumult riſe,
And one wiſh ſparkles in a thouſand eyes.
O! might ſome champion finiſh theſe debates!
My ſword ſhall end, what now my pen relates.
Up roſe the Judge, on each ſide bending low,
A crafty ſmile accompanies his bow;
Ulyſſes like, a gentle pauſe he makes,
Then, raiſing by degrees his voice, he ſpeaks.
In you, my Lords, who judge; and all who hear,
Methinks I read your wiſhes for the Fair;
Nor can I wonder, even I contend
With inward pain, unwilling to offend;
Unhappy! thus oblig'd to a defence,
That may diſpleaſe ſuch heavenly excellence.

* The Duke of Grafton, ſlain at the ſiege of Cork in Ireland, about the beginning of the Revolution.

Might

Might we the laws on any terms abuſe,
So bright an influence were the beſt excuſe;
Let * Niobe's juſt fate, the vile diſgrace
Of the † Propœtides' polluted race;
Let death, or ſhame, or lunacy ſurprize,
Who dare to match the luſtre of thoſe eyes!
Aloud the faireſt of the Sex complain
Of captives loſt, and loves invok'd in vain;
At her appearance all their glory ends,
And not a ſtar, but ſets, when ſhe aſcends.
Where Love preſides, ſtill may ſhe bear the prize;
But rigid Law has neither ears nor eyes:
Charms, to which Mars and Hercules would bow,
Minos and ‡ Rhadamanthus diſavow.
Juſtice, by nothing bias'd, or inclin'd,
Deaf to perſuaſion, to temptation blind,
Determines without favour, and the laws
O'erlook the parties, to decide the cauſe.
What then avails it, that a beardleſs boy
Took a raſh fancy for a female toy?

* Niobe turned into a ſtone for preſuming to compare herſelf with Diana.

† Propœtides, certain virgins, who, for affronting Venus, were condemned to open proſtitution, and afterwards turned into ſtone.

‡ Minos and Rhadamanthus, famous legiſlators, who for their ſtrict adminiſtration of juſtice, were after their deaths made chief judges in the infernal regions.

Th' inſulted

Th' inſulted Argives, with a numerous hoſt,
Purſue revenge, and ſeek the Dardan coaſt;
Though the Gods built, and though the Gods defend
Thoſe lofty towers, the hoſtile Greeks aſcend;
Nor leave they, till the town in aſhes lies,
And all the race of royal Priam dies:
The Queen of * Paphos, mixing in the fray,
Rallies the troops, and urges on the day;
In perſon, in the foremoſt ranks ſhe ſtands,
Provokes the charge, directs, aſſiſts, commands;
Stern Diomed, advancing high in air,
His lofty javelin ſtrikes the heavenly Fair;
The vaulted ſkies with her loud ſhrieks reſound,
And high Olympus trembles at the wound.
In cauſes juſt, would all the Gods oppoſe,
'Twere honeſt to diſpute; ſo Cato choſe.
Diſmiſs that plea, and what ſhall blood avail?
If beauty is deny'd, ſhall birth prevail?
Blood, and high deeds, in diſtant ages done,
Are our forefathers merit, not our own.
Might none a juſt poſſeſſion be allow'd,
But who could bring deſert, or boaſt of blood?
What numbers, even here, might be condemn'd,
Strip'd, and deſpoil'd of all, revil'd, contemn'd?
Take a juſt view, how many may remark,
Who now's a peer, his grandſire was a clerk:
Some few remain, ennobled by the ſword
In Gothic times: But now to be My Lord,

* Venus.

Study

Study the law; nor do theſe robes deſpiſe;
Honour the gown, from whence your honours riſe.
Thoſe fam'd dictators, who ſubdu'd the globe,
Gave the precedence to the peaceful robe;
The mighty Julius, pleading at the bar,
Was greater, than when thundering in the war
He conquer'd nations: 'Tis of more renown
To ſave a client, than to ſtorm a town.
How dear to Britain are her darling laws!
What blood has ſhe not laviſh'd in their cauſe!
Kings are like common ſlaves to ſlaughter led,
Or wander through the world to beg their bread.
" When regal power aſpires above the laws,
" A private wrong becomes a public cauſe."
He ſpoke. The nobles differ, and divide,
Some join with Law, and ſome with Beauty ſide.
Mordaunt, though once her ſlave, inſults the Fair,
Whoſe fetters 'twas his pride, in youth, to wear:
So Lucifer revolting, brav'd the power
Whom he was wont to worſhip and implore.
Like impious is their rage, who have in chace
A new Omnipotence in Grafton's face.
But Rocheſter, undaunted, juſt, and wiſe,
Aſſerts the Goddeſs with the charming eyes;
And O! may Beauty never want reward
For thee, her noble champion, and her guard.
Beauty triumphs, and Law ſubmitting lies,
The tyrant tam'd, aloud for mercy cries;
Conqueſt can never fail in radiant Grafton's eyes.

LADY HYDE*.

WHEN fam'd Apelles ſought to frame
Some image of th' Idalian dame,
To furniſh graces for the piece,
He ſummon'd all the nymphs of Greece;
So many mortals were combin'd,
To ſhew how one immortal ſhin'd.
Had Hyde thus ſat by proxy too,
As Venus then was ſaid to do,
Venus herſelf, and all the train
Of Goddeſſes had ſummon'd been;
The painter muſt have ſearch'd the ſkies,
To match the luſtre of her eyes.
Comparing then, while thus we view
The ancient Venus, and the new;
In her we many mortals ſee,
As many Goddeſſes in thee.

* Afterwards Counteſs of Clarendon and Rocheſter.

LADY HYDE HAVING THE SMALL POX, SOON AFTER THE RECOVERY OF MRS. MOHUN.

SCARCE could the general joy for Mohun appear,
But new attempts ſhew other dangers near;
Beauty 's attack'd in her imperial fort,
Where all her loves and graces kept their court;
In her chief reſidence, beſieg'd at laſt,
Laments to ſee her faireſt fields laid waſte.
On things immortal, all attempts are vain;
Tyrant Diſeaſe, 'tis loſs of time and pain;
Glut thy wild rage, and load thee with rich prize
Torn from her cheeks, her fragrant lips, and eyes:
Let her but live; as much vermilion take,
As might an Helen, or a Venus make;
Like Thetis, ſhe ſhall fruſtrate thy vain rape,
And in variety of charms eſcape.
The twinkling ſtars drop numberleſs each night,
Yet ſhines the radiant firmament as bright;
So from the ocean ſhould we rivers drain,
Still would enough to drown the world remain.

THE DUCHESS OF ———, UNSEASONABLY SURPRIZED IN THE EMBRACES OF HER LORD.

FAIREST Zelinda, ceaſe to chide, or grieve;
Nor bluſh at joys that only you can give;
Who with bold eyes ſurvey'd thoſe matchleſs charms,
Is puniſh'd, ſeeing in another's arms:
With greedy looks he views each naked part,
Joy feeds his eyes, but Envy tears his heart.
So caught was Mars, and Mercury aloud
Proclaim'd his grief, that he was not the God;
So to be caught, was every God's deſire:
Nor leſs than Venus, can Zelinda fire.
Forgive him then, thou more than heavenly Fair,
Forgive his raſhneſs, puniſh'd by deſpair;
All that we know, which wretched mortals feel
In thoſe ſad regions where the tortur'd dwell,
Is, that they ſee the raptures of the bleſs'd,
And view the joys which they muſt never taſte.

TO

TO FLAVIA.

WRITTEN ON HER GARDEN IN THE NORTH.

WHAT charm is this, that in the midſt of ſnow,
Of ſtorms, and blaſts, the choiceſt fruits do grow?
Melons, on beds of ice are taught to bear,
And ſtrangers to the ſun, yet ripen here;
On frozen ground the ſweeteſt flowers ariſe,
Unſeen by any light, but Flavia's eyes;
Where-e'er ſhe treads, beneath the Charmer's feet
The roſe, the jeſs'mine, and the lilies meet;
Where-e'er ſhe looks, behold ſome ſudden birth
Adorns the trees, and fructifies the earth;
In midſt of mountains, and unfruitful ground,
As rich an Eden as the firſt is found.
In this new Paradiſe the Goddeſs reigns,
In ſovereign ſtate, and mocks the lover's pains;
Beneath thoſe beams that ſcorch us from her eyes,
Her ſnowy boſom ſtill unmelted lies;
Love from her lips ſpreads all his odours round,
But bears on ice, and ſprings from frozen ground.
So cold the clime that can ſuch wonders bear,
The garden ſeems an emblem of the Fair.

TO THE SAME.

HER GARDENS HAVING ESCAPED A FLOOD THAT HAD LAID ALL THE COUNTRY ROUND UNDER WATER.

WHAT hands divine have planted and protect,
The torrent ſpares, and deluges reſpect;
So when the waters o'er the world were ſpread,
Covering each oak, and every mountain's head,
The choſen Patriarch ſail'd within his ark,
Nor might the waves o'erwhelm the ſacred bark.
The charming Flavia is no leſs, we find,
The favourite of Heaven, than of mankind;
The Gods, like rivals, imitate our care,
And vie with mortals to oblige the Fair;
Theſe favours thus beſtow'd on her alone,
Are but the homage which they ſend her down.
O Flavia! may thy virtue from above
Be crown'd with bleſſings, endleſs as my love.

TO MY FRIEND DR. GARTH.

IN HIS SICKNESS.

MACHAON ſick, in every face we find,
His danger is the danger of mankind;
Whoſe art protecting, Nature could expire
But by a Deluge, or the general Fire.

More

More lives he ſaves, than periſh in our wars,
And faſter than a plague deſtroys, repairs.
The bold carouſer, and advent'rous dame,
Nor fear the fever, nor refuſe the flame;
Safe in his ſkill, from all reſtraints ſet free,
But conſcious ſhame, remorſe, or piety.
Sire * of all arts, defend thy darling ſon;
O! ſave the man whoſe life 's ſo much our own!
On whom, like Atlas, the whole world 's reclin'd,
And by reſtoring Garth, preſerve mankind.

TO MY DEAR KINSMAN,

CHARLES LORD LANSDOWNE,

UPON THE BOMBARDMENT OF THE TOWN OF GRANVILLE IN NORMANDY, BY THE ENGLISH FLEET.

THO' built by Gods, conſum'd by hoſtile flame,
Troy bury'd lies, yet lives the Trojan name;
And ſo ſhall thine, though with theſe walls were loſt
All the records our anceſtors could boaſt.
For Latium conquer'd, and for Turnus ſlain,
Æneas lives, though not one ſtone remain

* Apollo, God of Poetry and Phyſic.

Where he arose: Nor art thou less renown'd
For thy loud triumphs on Hungarian ground.
Those * arms which for nine centuries had brav'd
The wrath of Time, on antique stone engrav'd,
Now torn by mortars, stand yet undefac'd
On nobler trophies, by thy valour rais'd:
Safe on thy † Eagle's wings they soar above
The rage of war, or thunder to remove,
Borne by the Bird of Cæsar, and of Jove.

LADY HYDE,

SITTING AT SIR GODFREY KNELLER'S FOR HER PICTURE.

WHILE Kneller, with inimitable art,
Attempts that face whose print's on every heart,
The Poet, with a pencil less confin'd,
Shall paint her virtues, and describe her mind,

* The Granville Arms still remaining at that time on one of the gates of the town.

† He was created a Count of the Empire, the Family Arms to be borne for ever upon the breast of the Imperial spread Eagle.

Unlock

Unlock the ſhrine, and to the ſight unfold
The ſecret gems, and all the inward gold.
Two only patterns do the Muſes name,
Of perfect beauty, but of guilty fame;
A Venus and an Helen have been ſeen,
Both perjur'd wives, the Goddeſs and the Queen:
In this the third, are reconcil'd at laſt
Thoſe jarring attributes of Fair and Chaſte,
With graces that attract, but not enſnare,
Divinely good, as ſhe 's divinely fair;
With beauty, not affected, vain, nor proud;
With greatneſs, eaſy, affable, and good:
Others by guilty artifice, and arts
Of promis'd kindneſs, practiſe on our hearts,
With expectation blow the paſſion up;
She fans the fire, without one gale of hope,
Like the chaſte moon, ſhe ſhines to all mankind,
But to Endymion is her love confin'd.
What cruel deſtiny on Beauty waits,
When on one face depend ſo many fates!
Oblig'd by honour to relieve but one,
Unhapy men by thouſands are undone.

TO

TO MRS. GRANVILLE,

OF WOTTON IN BUCKINGHAMSHIRE;

AFTERWARDS LADY CONWAY.

LOVE, like a tyrant whom no laws conſtrain,
Now for ſome ages kept the world in pain;
Beauty, by vaſt deſtructions got renown,
And Lovers only by their rage were known:
But Granville, more auſpicious to mankind,
Conqu'ring the heart, as much inſtructs the mind;
Bleſt in the fate of her victorious eyes,
Seeing, we love; and hearing, we grow wiſe:
So Rome for wiſdom, as for conqueſt fam'd,
Improv'd with arts, whom ſhe by arms had tam'd.
Above the clouds is plac'd this glorious light,
Nothing lies hid from her enquiring ſight;
Athens and Rome for arts reſtor'd rejoice,
Their language takes new muſic from her voice;
Learning and Love, in the ſame ſeat we find,
So bright her eyes, and ſo adorn'd her mind.
Long had Minerva govern'd in the ſkies,
But now deſcends, confeſt to human eyes;
Behold in Granville, that inſpiring Queen,
Whom learned Athens ſo ador'd unſeen.

TO

TO MRS. AFRA BEHN.

TWO warrior * chiefs the voice of Fame divide,
Who beſt deſerv'd, not Plutarch could decide:
Behold two mightier conquerors appear,
Some for your wit, ſome for your eyes declare;
Debates ariſe, which captivates us moſt,
And none can tell the charm by which he 's loſt.
The bow and quiver does Diana bear;
Venus the dove; Pallas the ſhield and ſpear:
Poets ſuch emblems to their Gods aſſign,
Hearts bleeding by the dart, and pen be thine.

THE DESERTION.

NOW fly, Diſcretion, to my aid,
See haughty Myra, fair and bright,
In all the pomp of love array'd;
Ah! how I tremble at the ſight!
She comes, ſhe comes—before her all
Mankind does proſtrate fall.

* Alexander and Cæſar.

Love,

Love, a deſtroyer fierce and young,
Advent'rous, terrible, and ſtrong,
Cruel and raſh, delighting ſtill to vex,
Sparing nor age nor ſex,
Commands in chief; well fortify'd he lies,
And from her lips, her cheeks and eyes,
All oppoſition he defies.
Reaſon, Love's old inveterate foe,
Scarce ever reconcil'd till now,
Reaſon aſſiſts her too.

A wiſe commander he, for council fit;
But nice and coy, nor has been ſeen to ſit
In modern ſynod, nor appear'd of late
In courts, nor camps, nor in affairs of ſtate;
Reaſon proclaims them all his foes,
Who ſuch reſiſtleſs charms oppoſe.

My very boſom friends make war
Within my breaſt, and in her intereſts are;
Eſteem and judgment with ſtrong fancy join
To court, and call the fair invader in;
My darling favourite inclination too,
All, all conſpiring with the foe.

Ah! whither ſhall I fly to hide
My weakneſs from the conqu'ror's pride?
Now, now, Diſcretion be my guide.
But ſee, this mighty Archimedes too,
Surrenders now.

Preſuming

Presuming longer to resist
His very name,
Discretion must disclaim;
Folly and madness only would persist.

SONG.

I'LL tell her the next time, said I,
In vain! in vain! for when I try,
Upon my timorous tongue the trembling accents die.
Alas! a thousand thousand fears
Still overawe when she appears!
My breath is spent in sighs, my eyes are drown'd in tears.

IN PRAISE OF MYRA.

TUNE, tune thy lyre, begin my Muse,
What nymph, what Queen, what Goddess wilt thou choose?
Whose praises sing? What charmer's name
Transmit immortal down to Fame?
Strike, strike thy strings, let Echo take the sound,
And bear it far, to all the mountains round;

Pindus

Pindus again ſhall hear, again rejoice,
And Hemus too, as when th' enchanting voice
Of tuneful Orpheus charm'd the grove,
Taught oaks to dance, and made the cedars move.

Nor Venus, nor Diana will we name;
Myra is Venus and Diana too,
All that was feign'd of them, apply'd to her, is true;
Then ſing, my Muſe, let Myra be our theme.

As when the ſhepherds would a garland make,
They ſearch with care the fragrant meadows round;
Plucking but here and there and only take
The choiceſt flow'rs with which ſome nymph is crown'd.

In framing Myra ſo divinely fair,
Nature has taken the ſame care;
All that is lovely, noble, good, we ſee,
All, beauteous Myra, all bound up in thee.
Where Myra is, there is the Queen of Love,
Th' Arcadian paſtures, and th' Idalian grove.
Let Myra dance, ſo charming is her mien,
In every movement every grace is ſeen;
Let Myra ſing, the notes ſo ſweetly wound,
The ſyrens would be ſilent at the ſound.
Place me on mountains of eternal ſnow,
Where all is ice, all winter winds that blow;

Or

Or caſt me underneath the burning line,
Where everlaſting ſun does ſhine;
Where all is ſcorch'd—whatever you decree.
Ye Gods! wherever I ſhall be,
Myra ſhall ſtill be lov'd, and ſtill ador'd by me.

SONG.

TO MYRA.

I.

WHY, cruel creature, why ſo bent
To vex a tender heart?
To gold and title you relent,
Love throws in vain his dart.

II.

Let glittering fools in courts be great;
For pay, let armies move;
Beauty ſhould have no other bait
But gentle vows, and love.

III.

If on thoſe endleſs charms you lay
The value that 's their due,
Kings are themſelves too poor to pay,
A thouſand worlds too few.

IV.

But if a paſſion without vice,
Without diſguiſe or art,
Ah Myra! if true love's your price,
Behold it in my heart.

MYRA SINGING.

THE ſyrens, once deluded, vainly charm'd,
Ty'd to the maſt, Ulyſſes ſail'd unharm'd;
Had Myra's voice entic'd his liſtening ear,
The Greek had ſtopt, and would have dy'd to hear.
When Myra ſings, we ſeek th' enchanting ſound,
And bleſs the notes that do ſo ſweetly wound.
What muſic needs muſt dwell upon that tongue,
Whoſe ſpeech is tuneful as another's ſong!
Such harmony! ſuch wit! a face ſo fair!
So many pointed arrows who can bear?
Who from her wit, or from her beauty flies,
If with her voice ſhe overtakes him, dies.
Like ſoldiers ſo in battle we ſucceed,
One peril 'ſcaping, by another bleed;
In vain the dart, or glittering ſword we ſhun,
Condemn'd to periſh by the ſlaughtering gun.

MYRA.

MYRA.

AT A REVIEW OF THE GUARDS IN HYDE-PARK.

LET meaner beauties conquer ſingly ſtill,
But haughty Myra will by thouſands kill;
Through armed ranks triumphantly ſhe drives,
And with one glance commands a thouſand lives:
The trembling heroes, nor reſiſt, nor fly,
But at the head of all their ſquadrons die.

TO MYRA.

NATURE indulgent, provident and kind,
In all things that excel, ſome uſe deſign'd;
The radiant ſun, of every heavenly light
The firſt (did Myra not diſpute that right)
Sends from above ten thouſand bleſſings down;
Nor is he ſet ſo high for ſhow alone,
His beams reviving with auſpicious fire,
Freely we all enjoy what all admire:
The moon and ſtars, thoſe faithful guides of night,
Are plac'd to help, not entertain the ſight:
Plants, fruits, and flowers the fertile fields produce,
Not for vain ornament, but wholeſome uſe;

Health they reſtore, and nouriſhment they give,
We ſee with pleaſure, but we taſte to live.
Then think not, Myra, that thy form was meant
More to create deſire, than to content;
Would the juſt Gods ſo many charms provide
Only to gratify a mortal's pride?
Would they have form'd thee ſo above thy ſex,
Only to play the tyrant, and to vex?
'Tis impious pleaſure to delight in harm,
And Beauty ſhould be kind, as well as charm.

THE PROGRESS OF BEAUTY.

THE God of day deſcending from above,
Mixt with the ſea, and got the Queen of Love.
Beauty, that fires the world, 'twas fit ſhould riſe
From him alone who lights the ſtars and ſkies.
In Cyprus long, by men and Gods obey'd,
The lover's toil ſhe gratefully repaid,
Promiſcuous bleſſings to her ſlaves aſſign'd,
And taught the world that Beauty ſhould be kind.
Learn by this pattern, all ye Fair, to charm,
Bright be your beams, but without ſcorching warm.
Helen was next from Greece to Phrygia brought,
With much expence of blood and empire fought:
Beauty and Love the nobleſt cauſe afford,
That can try valour, or employ the ſword.

Not

Not men alone incited by her charms,
But Heaven 's concern'd, and all the Gods take arms.
The happy Trojan glorioufly poffeft,
Enjoys the dame, and leaves to fate the reft.
Your cold reflections, moraliſts, forbear,
His title 's beſt who beſt can pleaſe the Fair.
And now the Gods, in pity to the cares,
The fierce deſires, diſtractions, and deſpairs
Of tortur'd men, while Beauty was confin'd,
Reſolv'd to multiply the charming kind.
Greece was the land where this bright race begun,
And ſaw a thouſand rivals to the ſun.
Hence follow'd arts, while each employ'd his care
In new productions to delight the Fair:
To bright Aſpaſia Socrates retir'd,
His wiſdom grew but as his love inſpir'd;
Thoſe rocks and oaks which ſuch emotions felt,
Were cruel maids whom Orpheus taught to melt;
Muſic, and ſongs, and every way to move
The raviſh'd heart, were ſeeds and plants of love.
The Gods, entic'd by ſo divine a birth,
Deſcend from heaven to this new heaven on earth;
Thy wit, O Mercury 's no defence from love;
Nor Mars, thy target; nor thy thunder, Jove.
The mad immortals in a thouſand ſhapes,
Range the wide globe; ſome yield, ſome ſuffer rapes,
Invaded, or deceiv'd, not one eſcapes.
The wife, though a bright Goddeſs, thus gives place
To mortal concubines of freſh embrace;

By ſuch examples were we taught to ſee
The life and ſoul of love, is ſweet variety.
In thoſe firſt times, ere charming womankind
Reform'd their pleaſures, poliſhing the mind,
Rude were their revels, and obſcene their joys,
The broils of drunkards, and the luſt of boys;
Phœbus laments for Hyacinthus dead,
And Juno jealous, ſtorms at Ganymed.
Return, my Muſe, and cloſe that odious ſcene,
Nor ſtain thy verſe with images unclean;
Of Beauty ſing, her ſhining progreſs view,
From clime to clime the dazzling light purſue,
Tell how the Goddeſs ſpread, and how in empire grew.
Let others govern, or defend the ſtate,
Plead at the bar, or manage a debate,
In lofty arts and ſciences excel,
Or in proud domes employ their boaſted ſkill,
To marble, and to braſs ſuch features give,
The metal and the ſtone may ſeem to live;
Deſcribe the ſtars, and planetary way,
And trace the footſteps of eternal day:
Be this, my Muſe, thy pleaſure and thy care,
A ſlave to Beauty, to record the Fair.
Still wand'ring in love's ſweet delicious maze,
To ſing the triumphs of ſome heavenly face,
Of lovely dames, who with a ſmile or frown
Subdue the proud, the ſuppliant lover crown.
From Venus down to Myra bring thy ſong,
To thee alone ſuch tender taſks belong.

From Greece to Afric Beauty takes her flight,
And ripens with her near approach to light:
Frown not, ye Fair, to hear of ſwarthy dames,
With radiant eyes, that take unerring aims;
Beauty to no complexion is confin'd,
Is of all colours, and by none defin'd;
Jewels that ſhine, in gold or ſilver ſet,
As precious and as ſparkling are in jet.
Here Cleopatra, with a liberal heart,
Bounteous of love, improv'd the joy with art,
The firſt who gave recruited ſlaves to know
That the rich pearl was of more uſe than ſhow,
Who with high meats, or a luxurious draught,
Kept love for ever flowing, and full fraught.
Julius and Anthony, thoſe lords of all,
Each in his turn preſent the conquer'd ball;
Thoſe dreadful Eagles that had fac'd the light
From pole to pole, fall dazzled at her ſight:
Nor was her death leſs glorious than her life,
A conſtant miſtreſs, and a faithful wife;
Her dying truth ſome generous tears would coſt,
Had not her fate * inſpir'd the World well Loſt;
With ſecret pride the raviſh'd Muſes view
The image of that death which Dryden drew.
Pleas'd in ſuch happy climates, warm and bright,
Love for ſome ages revel'd with delight;

* All for Love; or, The World well Loſt: written by Mr. Dryden.

The martial Moors in gallantry refin'd,
Invent new arts to make their charmers kind;
See in the lists, by golden barriers bound,
In warlike ranks they wait the trumpet's sound;
Some love-device is wrought on every sword,
And every ribbon bears some mystic word.
As when we see the winged winds engage,
Mounted on coursers, foaming flame and rage,
Rustling from every quarter of the sky,
North, east, and west, in airy swiftness vie;
One cloud repuls'd, new combatants prepare
To meet as fierce, and form a thundering war:
So when the trumpet sounding, gives the sign,
The justling chiefs in rude rencounter join,
So meet, and so renew the dextrous fight,
Each fair beholder trembling for her knight;
Still as one falls, another rushes in,
And all must be o'ercome, or none can win.
The victor, from the shining dame, whose eyes
Aided his conqu'ring arm, receives a precious prize.

Thus flourish'd Love, and Beauty reign'd in state,
Till the proud Spaniard gave these glories date:
Past is the gallantry, the fame remains,
Transmitted safe in Dryden's lofty scenes;
Granada * lost, beheld her pomps restor'd,
And Almahide †, once more by kings ador'd.

* The Conquest of Granada; written by Mr. Dryden.

† The part of Almahide, performed by Mrs. Eleanor Gwyn, Mistress to King Charles II.

Love

Love driven thence, to colder Britain flies,
And with bright nymphs the diſtant ſun ſupplies;
Romances which relate the dreadful fights,
The loves and proweſs of advent'rous knights;
To animate their rage, a kiſs record
From Britain's faireſt nymph was the reward;
Thus ancient to Love's empire was the claim
Of Britiſh beauty, and ſo wide the fame,
Which, like our flag upon the ſeas, gives law
By right avow'd, and keeps the world in awe.

Our gallant kings, of whom large annals prove
The mighty deeds, ſtand as renown'd for love;
A monarch's right o'er Beauty they may claim,
Lords of that ocean from whence Beauty came.
Thy Roſamond, great Henry, on the ſtage,
By a late Muſe preſented in our age,
With aking hearts, and flowing eyes we view,
While that diſſembled death preſents the true
In Bracegirdle *, the perſons ſo agree,
That all ſeems real the ſpectators ſee.

Of Scots and Gauls defeated, and their kings,
Thy captives, Edward, Fame for ever ſings;
Like thy high deeds, thy noble loves are prais'd,
Who haſt to Love the nobleſt trophy rais'd:
Thy ſtatues, Venus, though by Phidias's hand,
Deſign'd immortal, yet no longer ſtand;
The magic of thy ſhining zone is paſt,
But Saliſbury's Garter ſhall for ever laſt,

* A famous actreſs.

Which through the world by living monarchs worn,
Adds grace to ſceptres, and does crowns adorn.
If ſuch their fame who gave theſe rights divine
To ſacred Love, O! what diſhonour's thine,
Forgetful Queen, who ſever'd that bright * head
Which charm'd two mighty monarchs to her bed?
Hadſt thou been born a man, thou hadſt not err'd,
Thy fame had liv'd, and Beauty been preferr'd;
But O! what mighty magic can aſſuage
A woman's envy, and a bigot's rage?
Love tir'd at length, Love, that delights to ſmile,
Flying from ſcenes of horror †, quits our iſle,
With Charles, the Cupids and the Graces gone,
In exile live, for Love and Charles were one;
With Charles he wanders, and for Charles he mourns,
But O! how fierce the joy when Charles returns!
As eager flames with oppoſition pent,
Break out impetuous when they find a vent;
As a fierce torrent bounded on his race,
Forcing his way, rolls with redoubled pace:
From the loud palace to the ſilent grove,
All, by the King's example, live and love;
The Muſes with diviner voices ſing;
And all rejoice to pleaſe the godlike King.
Then Waller in immortal verſe proclaims
The ſhining court, and all the glittering dames;

* Mary Queen of Scots, beheaded by Queen Elizabeth.

† The Rebellion; and death of King Charles I.

Thy

Thy beauty, Sidney *, like Achilles' ſword,
Reſiſtleſs, ſtands upon as ſure record;
The fierceſt hero, and the brighteſt dame,
Both ſung alike, ſhall have their fate the ſame.
And now, my Muſe, a nobler flight prepare,
And ſing ſo loud that heaven and earth may hear.
Behold from Italy an awful ray
Of heavenly light illuminates the day,
Northward ſhe bends, majeſtically bright,
And here ſhe fixes her imperial light.
Be bold, be bold, my Muſe, nor fear to raiſe
Thy voice to her who was thy earlieſt praiſe;
What though the ſullen Fates refuſe to ſhine,
Or frown ſevere on thy audacious line,
Keep thy bright theme within thy ſteady ſight,
The clouds ſhall fly before the dazzling light,
And everlaſting day direct thy lofty flight.
Thou who has never yet put on diſguiſe
To flatter faction, or deſcend to vice;
Let no vain fear thy generous ardor tame,
But ſtand erect, and ſound as loud as Fame.
As when our eyes ſome proſpect would purſue,
Deſcending from a hill, looks round to view,
Paſſes o'er lawns and meadows till it gains
Some favourite ſpot, and fixing there, remains:
With equal rapture my tranſported Muſe
Flies other objects, this bright theme to chooſe.

* The Lady Dorothy Sidney, celebrated by Mr. Waller under the name of Sachariſſa.

Queen

Queen of our hearts, and charmer of our ſight,
A monarch's pride, his glory and delight,
Princeſs ador'd and lov'd! If verſe can give
A deathleſs name, thine ſhall for ever live;
Invok'd where-e'er the Britiſh lion roars,
Extended as the ſeas that gird the Britiſh ſhores.
The wife immortals in their ſeats above,
To crown their labours, ſtill appointed Love;
Phœbus enjoy'd the Goddeſs of the ſea,
Alcides had Omphale, James has Thee.
O happy James! content thy mighty mind,
Grudge not the world, for ſtill thy Queen is kind,
To lie but at whoſe feet more glory brings
Than 'tis to tread on ſceptres, and on kings:
Secure of empire in that beauteous breaſt,
Who would not give their crowns to be ſo bleſt?
Was Helen half ſo fair, ſo form'd for joy,
Well choſe the Trojan, and well burnt was Troy.
But ah! what ſtrange viciſſitudes of fate,
What chance attends on every worldly ſtate?
As when the ſkies were ſack'd, the conquer'd Gods
Compell'd from heaven, forſook their bleſt abodes;
Wandering in woods, they hid from den to den,
And ſought their ſafety in the ſhapes of men.
As when the winds with kindling flames conſpire,
The blaze increaſes, as they fan the fire;
From roof to roof the burning torrent pours,
Nor ſpares the palace, nor the loftieſt towers:
Or, as the ſtately pine, erecting high
Her lofty branches, ſhooting to the ſky,

If

If riven by the thunderbolt of Jove,
Down falls at once the pride of all the grove,
Level with loweſt ſhrubs lies the tall head
That rear'd aloft, as to the clouds was ſpread.
So * * * * * * *
But ceaſe, my Muſe, thy colours are too faint,
Hide with a veil thoſe griefs which none can paint;
This ſun is ſet.—But ſee in bright array
What hoſts of heavenly light recruit the day.
Love, in a ſhining Galaxy, appears
Triumphant ſtill, and Grafton leads the ſtars.
Ten thouſand loves, ten thouſand ſeveral ways
Invade adoring crowds, who die to gaze;
Her eyes reſiſtleſs as the ſyrens voice,
So ſweet's the charm, we make our fate our choice.
Who moſt reſembles her let next be nam'd,
Villiers * for wiſdom and deep judgment fam'd,
Of a high race, victorious Beauty brings
To grace our courts, and captivate our kings.
With what delight my Muſe to Sandwich flies!
Whoſe wit is piercing as her ſparkling eyes:
Ah! how ſhe mounts, and ſpreads her airy wings,
And tunes her voice, when ſhe of Ormond ſings!
Of radiant Ormond, only fit to be
The ſucceſſor of beauteous Offory.
Richmond's a title, that but nam'd, implies
Majeſtic graces, and victorious eyes;
Fair Villiers firſt, then haughty Stuart came,
And Brudenal now no leſs adorns the name.

* Counteſs of Orkney.

Dorſet

Dorſet already is immortal made
In Prior's verſe, nor needs a ſecond aid.
By Bentinck and fair Rutenberg we find,
That Beauty to no climate is confin'd.
Rupert of royal blood, with modeſt grace,
Bluſhes to hear the triumphs of her face.
Not Helen with St. Alban's might compare:
Nor let the Muſe omit Scroop, Holms, and Hare:
Hyde, Venus is; the Graces are Kildare.
Soft and delicious as a ſouthern ſky,
Are Daſhwood's ſmiles; when Darnley * frowns we die.
Careleſs †, but yet ſecure of conqueſt ſtill,
Lu'ſon unaiming, never fails to kill;
Guiltleſs of pride to captivate, or ſhine,
Bright without art, ſhe wounds without deſign:
But Wyndham like a tyrant throws the dart,
And takes a cruel pleaſure in the ſmart,
Proud of the ravage that her beauties make,
Delights in wounds, and kills for killing ſake;
Aſſerting the dominion of her eyes,
As heroes fight for glory, not for prize.
The ſkilful Muſe's earlieſt care has been
The praiſe of never-fading Mazarine;
The Poet ‡ and his theme, in ſpite of Time,
For ever young, enjoy an endleſs prime.

* Lady Catherine Darnley, Ducheſs of Buckingham.
† Lady Gower.
‡ Monſieur St. Evremont.

With

With charms ſo numerous Myra does ſurprize,
The lover knows not by which dart he dies;
So thick the volley, and the wound ſo ſure,
No flight can ſave, no remedy can cure.
Yet * dawning in her infancy of light,
O ſee! another Brudenel heavenly bright,
Born to fulfil the glories of her line,
And fix Love's empire in that race divine.
Fain would my Muſe to Cecil ‡ bend her ſight,
But turns aſtoniſh'd from the dazzling light,
Nor dares attempt to climb the ſteepy flight.
O Kneller! like thy pictures were my ſong,
Clear like thy paint, and like thy pencil ſtrong;
Theſe matchleſs Beauties ſhould recorded be,
Immortal in my verſe, as in thy Gallery §.

* Lady Molyneux.

‡ Lady Ranelagh.

§ The Gallery of Beauties in Hampton-Court, drawn by Sir Godfrey Kneller.

TO

TO THE

COUNTESS OF NEWBOURG,

INSISTING EARNESTLY TO BE TOLD WHO I MEANT BY MYRA.

WITH Myra's Charms, and my extreme deſpair,
Long had my Muſe amaz'd the reader's ear,
My friends, with Pity, heard the mournful ſound,
And all enquir'd from whence the fatal wound;
Th' aſtoniſh'd world beheld an endleſs flame,
Ne'er to be quench'd, unknowing whence it came:
So ſcatter'd fire from ſcorch'd Veſuvius flies,
Unknown the ſource from whence thoſe flames ariſe:
Ægyptian Nile ſo ſpreads its waters round,
O'erflowing far and near, its head unfound.

Myra herſelf, touch'd with the moving ſong,
Would needs be told to whom thoſe plaints belong;
My timorous tongue not daring to confeſs,
Trembling to name, would fain have had her gueſs;
Impatient of excuſe, ſhe urges ſtill,
Perſiſts in her demand, ſhe muſt, ſhe will;
If ſilent, I am threaten'd with her hate;
If I obey—Ah! what may be my fate?
Uncertain to conceal, or to unfold,
She ſmiles—the goddeſs ſmiles—and I grow bold.

My vows to Myra, all were meant to thee,
The praiſe, the love, the matchleſs conſtancy.

'Twas

'Twas thus of old, when all th' immortal dames
Were grac'd by poets, each with feveral names;
For Venus, Cytherea was invok'd;
Altars for Pallas, to Tritonia fmok'd.
Such names were theirs; and thou the moft divine,
Moft lov'd of heav'nly beauties—Myra's thine.

TO MYRA.

I.

SO calm, and fo ferene, but now,
What means this change on Myra's brow?
Her anguifh love now glows and burns
Then chills and fhakes, and the cold fit returns.

II.

Mock'd with deluding looks and fmiles,
When on her pity I depend,
My airy hope fhe foon beguiles,
And laughs to fee my torments never end.

III.

So up the fteepy hill, with pain,
The weighty ftone is roll'd in vain,
Which having touch'd the top, recoils,
And leaves the lab'rer to renew his toils.

TO MYRA.

LOST in a labyrinth of doubts and joys,
Whom now her ſmiles reviv'd, her ſcorn deſtroys:
She will, and ſhe will not, ſhe grants, denies,
Conſents, retracts, advances, and then flies,
Approving, and rejecting in a breath,
Now proff'ring mercy, now preſenting death.
Thus hoping, thus deſpairing, never ſure,
How various are the torments I endure!
Cruel eſtate of Doubt! Ah, Myra, try
Once to reſolve—or let me live, or die.

TO MYRA.

I.

THOUGHTFUL nights, and reſtleſs waking,
Oh, the pains that we endure!
Broken faith, unkind forſaking,
Ever doubting, never ſure.

II.

Hopes deceiving, vain endeavours,
What a race has love to run!
Falſe proteſting, fleeting favours,
Ev'ry, ev'ry way undone.

III. Still

III.

Still complaining, and defending,
Both to love, yet not agree;
Fears tormenting, Paſſion rending,
Oh! the Pangs of jealouſy!

IV.

From ſuch painful ways of living,
Ah! how ſweet could love be free!
Still preſenting, ſtill receiving,
Fierce, immortal ecſtaſy.

SONG TO MYRA.

WHY ſhould a heart ſo tender, break?
O Myra! give its anguiſh eaſe;
The uſe of beauty you miſtake,
Not meant to vex, but pleaſe.

Thoſe lips for ſmiling were deſign'd;
That boſom to be preſt;
Your eyes to languiſh, and look kind;
For amorous arms, your waiſt.

Each thing has its appointed right,
Eſtabliſh'd by the Pow'rs above,
The ſun to give us warmth, and light,
Myra to kindle love.

TO MYRA.

SINCE truth and constancy are vain,
Since neither love nor sense of pain,
Nor force of reason can persuade,
Then let example be obey'd.
In courts and cities, could you see
How well the wanton fools agree;
Were all the curtains drawn, you'd find
Not one, perhaps, but who is kind.
Minerva, naked from above,
With Venus, and the wife of Jove,
Exposing ev'ry Beauty bare,
Descending to the Trojan heir;
Yet this was she whom poets name
Goddess of chastity and fame.
Penelope, her lord away,
Gave am'rous audiences all day;
Now round the bowl the suitors sit,
With wine, provoking mirth and wit,
Then down they take the stubborn bow,
Their strength, it seems, she needs must know.
Thus twenty chearful winters past,
She's yet immortaliz'd for chaste.
Smile Myra, then, reward my flame,
And be as much secure of fame;
By all those matchless beauties fir'd,
By my own matchless love inspir'd;

S

So will I ſing, ſuch wonders write,
That when th' aſtoniſh'd world ſhall cite
A nymph of ſpotleſs worth and fame,
Myra ſhall be th' immortal name.

SONG TO MYRA.

FORSAKEN of my kindly ſtars,
Within this melancholy grove
I waſte my days and nights in tears,
A victim to ingrateful love.
The happy ſtill untimely end,
Death flies from grief, or why ſhould I
So many hours in ſorrow ſpend,
Wiſhing, alas! in vain to die?

Ye powers, take pity of my pain,
This, only this is my deſire;
Ah! take from Myra her diſdain,
Or let me with this ſigh expire.

TO MYRA.

I.

WHEN wilt thou break, my ſtubborn heart?
O death! how ſlow to take my part!
Whatever I purſue, denies,
Death, death itſelf, like Myra, flies.

II.

Love and deſpair, like twins, poſſeſt
At the ſame fatal birth my breaſt;
No hope could be, her ſcorn was all
That to my deſtin'd lot could fall.

III.

I thought, alas! that love could dwell
But in warm climes, where no ſnow fell;
Like plants, that kindly heat require,
To be maintain'd by conſtant fire.

IV.

That without hope, 'twou'd die as ſoon,
A little Hope—but I have none:
On air the poor Camelions thrive,
Deny'd e'en that, my love can live.

V.

As tougheſt trees in ſtorms are bred,
And grow in ſpite of winds, and ſpread
The more the tempeſt tears and ſhakes
My love, the deeper root it takes.

VI.

Deſpair, that aconite does prove,
And certain death to others love;
That poiſon, never yet withſtood,
Does nouriſh mine, and turns to food.

VII.

O! for what crime is my torn heart
Condemn'd to ſuffer deathleſs ſmart?
Like ſad Prometheus, thus to lie
In endleſs pain, and never die.

PHYLLIS DRINKING.

I.

WHILE Phyllis is drinking, love and wine in alliance,
With forces united, bid reſiſtleſs defiance,
By the touch of her lips the wine ſparkles higher,
And her eyes, by her drinking, redouble their fire.

II.

Her cheeks glow the brighter, recruiting their colour,
As flowers by ſprinkling revive with freſh odour;
Each dart dipt in wine, gives a wound beyond curing,
And the liquor, like oil, makes the flame more enduring.

III.

Then Phyllis, begin, let our raptures abound,
And a kiſs, and a Glaſs, be ſtill going round,
Relieving each other, our pleaſures are laſting,
And we never are cloy'd, yet are ever a taſting,

TO MYRA.

I.

PREPAR'D to rail, reſolv'd to part,
When I approach'd the perjur'd fair,
What is it awes my timorous heart?
Why does my tongue forbear?

II.

With the leaſt glance, a little kind,
Such wond'rous pow'r have Myra's charms,
She calms my doubts, enſlaves my mind,
And all my rage diſarms.

III.

Forgetful of her broken vows,
When gazing on that form divine,
Her injur'd vaſſal trembling bows,
Nor dares her ſlave repine.

THE ENCHANTMENT.

IN IMITATION OF THEOCRITUS.

MIX, mix the Philters, quick—ſhe flies, ſhe flies,
Deaf to my call, regardleſs of my cries.
Are vows ſo vain? could oaths ſo feeble prove?
Ah! with what eaſe ſhe breaks thoſe chains of love!

Whom

Whom love with all his force had bound in vain,
Let charms compel, and magic rites regain.
Begin, begin, the myſtic ſpels prepare,
Bring Myra back, my perjur'd wanderer.
Queen of the night, bright empreſs of the ſtars,
The friend of love, aſſiſt a lover's cares;
And thou, infernal Hecate, be nigh,
At whoſe approach fierce wolves affrighted fly:
Dark tombs diſcloſe their dead, and hollow cries
Echo from under ground—Ariſe, ariſe.
Begin, begin, the myſtic ſpels prepare,
Bring Myra back, my perjur'd wanderer.
As crackling in the fire this laurel lies,
So, ſtrugling in love's flame, her lover dies;
It burſts, and in a blaze of light expires,
So may ſhe burn, but with more laſting fires.
Begin, begin, the myſtic ſpells prepare,
Bring Myra back, my perjur'd wanderer.
As the wax melts, which to the flame I hold,
So may ſhe melt, and never more grow cold.
Tough iron will yield, and ſtubborn marble run,
And hardeſt hearts by love are melted down.
Begin, begin, the myſtic ſpels prepare,
Bring Myra back, my perjur'd wanderer.
As with impetuous motion whirling round,
This magic wheel ſtill moves, yet keeps its ground,
Ever returning, ſo may ſhe come back,
And never more the appointed round forſake.
Begin, begin, the myſtic ſpels prepare,
Bring Myra back, my perjur'd wanderer.

Diana, hail! all hail! moſt welcome thou,
To whom th' infernal king and judges bow;
O thou, whoſe art the power of hell diſarms,
Upon a faithleſs woman try thy charms.
Hark! the dogs howl, ſhe comes, the goddeſs comes,
Sound the loud trump, and beat our brazen drums.
Begin, begin, the myſtic ſpels prepare,
Bring Myra back, my perjur'd wanderer.
How calm's the ſky! how undiſturb'd the deep!
Nature is huſht, the very tempeſts ſleep;
The drowſy winds breathe gently thro' the trees,
And ſilent on the beach, repoſe the ſeas:
Love only wakes; the ſtorm that tears my breaſt
For ever rages, and diſtracts my reſt:
O love! relentleſs love! tyrant accurſt,
In deſarts bred, by cruel tygers nurs'd!
Begin, begin, the myſtic ſpels prepare,
Bring Myra back, my perjur'd wanderer.
This Ribbon, that once bound her lovely waiſte,
O that my arms might gird her there as faſt!
Smiling ſhe gave it, and I priz'd it more
Than the rich zone the Idalian Goddeſs wore:
This Ribbon, this lov'd relict of the fair,
So kiſt, and ſo preſerv'd—thus—thus I tear.
O love! why doſt thou thus delight to rend
My ſoul with pain? Ah! why torment thy friend?
Begin, begin, the myſtic ſpels prepare,
Bring Myra back, my perjur'd wanderer.
Thrice have I ſacrific'd, and proſtrate thrice
Ador'd: aſſiſt, ye powers, the ſacrifice.

Whoe'er

Whoe'er he is whom now the fair beguiles
With guilty glances, and with perjur'd ſmiles,
Malignant vapours blaſt his impious head,
Ye lightnings ſcorch him, thunder ſtrike him dead;
Horror of conſcience all his ſlumbers break,
Diſtract his reſt, as love keeps me awake;
If married, may his wife an Helen be,
And curs'd, and ſcorn'd, like Menelaus, he.
Begin, begin, the myſtic ſpells prepare,
Bring Myra back, my perjur'd wanderer.
Theſe powerful drops, thrice on the threſhold pour,
And bathe with this enchanted juice, her door,
That door where no admittance now is found,
But where my ſoul is ever hovering round.
Haſte, and obey; and binding be the ſpell:
Here ends my charm; O Love! ſucceed it well:
By force of magic, ſtop the flying Fair,
Bring Myra back, my perjur'd wanderer.
Thou 'rt now alone, and painful is reſtraint,
Eaſe thy preſt heart, and give thy ſorrows vent;
Whence ſprang, and how began theſe griefs, declare;
How much thy love, how cruel thy deſpair.
Ye moon and ſtars, by whoſe auſpicious light
I haunt theſe groves, and waſte the tedious night!
Tell, for you know the burthen of my heart,
Its killing anguiſh, and its ſecret ſmart.
Too late for hope, for my repoſe too ſoon
I ſaw, and lov'd: Her heart engag'd, was gone;
A happier man poſſeſs'd whom I adore;
O! I ſhould ne'er have ſeen, or ſeen before.

Tell,

Tell, for you know the burthen of my heart,
Its killing anguiſh, and its ſecret ſmart.
What ſhall I do? Shall I in ſilence bear,
Deſtroy myſelf, or kill the raviſher?
Die, wretched lover, die; but O! beware,
Hurt not the man who is belov'd by her;
Wait for a better hour, and truſt thy fate,
Thou ſeek'ſt her love, beget not then her hate.
Tell, for you know the burthen of my heart,
Its killing anguiſh, and its ſecret ſmart.
My life conſuming with eternal grief,
From herbs, and ſpells, I ſeek a vain relief;
To every wiſe magician I repair
In vain, for ſtill I love, and I deſpair.
Circe, Medea, and the Sybils' books,
Contain not half th' enchantment of her looks.
Tell, for you know the burthen of my heart,
Its killing anguiſh, and its ſecret ſmart.
As melted gold preſerves its weight the ſame,
So burnt my love, nor waſted in the flame.
And now, unable to ſupport the ſtrife,
A glimmering hope recalls departing life:
My rival dying, I no longer grieve,
Since I may aſk, and ſhe with honour give.
Tell, for you know the burthen of my heart,
Its killing anguiſh, and its ſecret ſmart.
Witneſs, ye hours, with what unwearied care,
From place to place I ſtill purſu'd the Fair;
Nor was occaſion to reveal my flame,
Slow to my ſuccour, for it kindly came,

It

It came, it came, that moment of delight,
O Gods! and how I trembled at the ſight!
Tell, for you know the burthen of my heart,
Its killing anguiſh, and its ſecret ſmart.
Diſmay'd, and motionleſs, confus'd, amaz'd,
Trembling I ſtood, and terrify'd I gaz'd;
My faultering tongue in vain for utterance try'd,
Faint was my voice, my thoughts abortive dy'd,
Or in weak ſounds, and broken accents came,
Imperfect, as diſcourſes in a dream.
Tell, for you know the burthen of my heart,
Its killing anguiſh, and its ſecret ſmart.
Soon ſhe divin'd what this confuſion meant,
And gueſs'd with eaſe the cauſe of my complaint.
My tongue emboldening as her looks were mild,
At length I told my griefs—and ſtill ſhe ſmil'd.
O ſyren! ſyren! fair deluder, ſay,
Why would you tempt to truſt, and then betray?
So faithleſs now, why gave you hopes before?
Alas! you ſhould have been leſs kind, or more.
Tell, for you know the burthen of my heart,
Its killing anguiſh, and its ſecret ſmart.
Secure of innocence, I ſeek to know
From whence this change, and my misfortunes grow,
Rumour is loud, and every voice proclaims
Her violated faith, and conſcious flames:
Can this be true? Ah! flattering miſchief ſpeak;
Could you make vows, and in a moment break?
And can the ſpace ſo very narrow be
Betwixt a woman's oath, and perjury?

O jea-

O Jealouſy! all other ills at firſt
My love eſſay'd, but thou art ſure the worſt.
Tell, for you know the burthen of my heart,
Its killing anguiſh, and its ſecret ſmart.
Ungrateful Myra! urge me thus no more,
Nor think me tame, that once ſo long I bore;
If paſſion, dire revenge, or black deſpair,
Should once prevail beyond what man can bear,
Who knows what I? Ah! feeble rage, and vain!
With how ſecure a brow ſhe mocks my pain:
Thy heart, fond lover, does thy threats belie,
Canſt thou hurt her, for whom thou yet wouldſt die?
Nor durſt ſhe thus thy juſt reſentment brave,
But that ſhe knows how much thy ſoul 's her ſlave.
But ſee! Aurora riſing with the ſun,
Diſſolves my charm, and frees th' enchanted moon;
My ſpells no longer bind at ſight of day,
And young Endymion calls his love away:
Love 's the reward of all, on earth, in heaven,
And for a plague to me alone was given:
But ills not to be ſhunn'd, we muſt endure,
Death, and a broken heart 's a ready cure.
Cynthia, farewel, go reſt thy wearied light,
I muſt for ever wake—We 'll meet again at night.

THE

THE VISION.

IN lonely walks, diſtracted by deſpair,
Shunning mankind, and torn with killing care,
My eyes o'erflowing, and my frantic mind
Rack'd with wild thoughts, ſwelling with ſighs the wind;
Through paths untrodden, day and night I rove,
Mourning the fate of my ſucceſsleſs love.
Who moſt deſire to live, untimely fall,
But when we beg to die, death flies our call;
Adonis dies, and torn is the lov'd breaſt
In midſt of joy, where Venus wont to reſt;
That fate, which cruel ſeem'd to him, would be
Pity, relief, and happineſs to me.
When will my ſorrows end? In vain, in vain
I call to heaven, and tell the Gods my pain;
The Gods averſe, like Myra, to my prayer,
Conſent to doom, whom ſhe denies to ſpare.
Why do I ſeek for foreign aids, when I
Bear ready by my ſide the power to die?
Be keen, my ſword, and ſerve thy maſter well,
Heal wounds with wounds, and love with death repel.
Straight up I roſe, and to my aking breaſt,
My boſom bare, the ready point I preſt;
When lo! aſtoniſh'd, an unuſual light
Pierc'd the thick ſhade, and all around grew bright;
My dazzled eyes a radiant form behold,

Splendid

Splendid with light, like beams of burning gold;
Eternal rays his ſhining temples grace;
Eternal youth ſat blooming on his face.
Trembling I liſten, proſtrate on the ground,
His breath perfumes the grove, and muſic's in the
found *.

Ceaſe, lover, ceaſe, thy tender heart to vex,
In fruitleſs plaints of an ungrateful Sex.
In Fate's eternal volumes it is writ,
That women ever ſhall be foes to wit.
With proper arts their fickly minds command,
And pleaſe 'em with the things they underſtand;
With noiſy fopperies their hearts aſſail,
Renounce all ſenſe; how ſhould thy ſongs prevail,
When I, the God of Wit, ſo oft could fail?
Remember me, and in my ſtory find
How vainly merit pleads to womankind:
I, by whom all things ſhine, who tune the ſpheres,
Create the day, and gild the night with ſtars;
Whoſe youth and beauty, from all ages paſt,
Sprang with the world, and with the world ſhall laſt.
How oft with fruitleſs tears have I implor'd
Ungrateful nymphs, and though a God, ador'd?
When could my wit, my beauty, or my youth,
Move a hard heart? or, mov'd, ſecure its truth?

Here a proud nymph, with painful ſteps I chace,
The winds out-flying in our nimble race;

* Apollo.

Stay,

Stay, Daphne, ſtay.—In vain, in vain I try
To ſtop her ſpeed, redoubling at my cry,
O'er craggy rocks, and rugged hills ſhe climbs,
And tears on pointed flints her tender limbs:
'Till caught at length, juſt as my arms I fold,
Turn'd to a tree ſhe yet eſcapes my hold.
In my next love, a diff'rent fate I find,
Ah! which is worſe, the falſe, or the unkind?
Forgetting Daphne, I Coronis † choſe,
A kinder nymph—too kind for my repoſe:
The joys I give, but more provoke her breaſt,
She keeps a private drudge to quench the reſt;
How, and with whom, the very birds proclaim
Her black pollution, and reveal my ſhame.
Hard lot of beauty! fatally beſtow'd,
Or given to the falſe, or to the proud;
By different ways they bring us equal pain,
The falſe betray us, and the proud diſdain.
Scorn'd and abus'd, from mortal loves I fly,
To ſeek more truth in my own native ſky.
Venus, the faireſt of immortal loves,
Bright as my beams, and gentle as her doves,
With glowing eyes, confeſſing warm deſires,
She ſummons heaven and earth to quench her fires,
Me ſhe excludes; and I in vain adore,
Who neither God nor man refus'd before;

† A nymph beloved by Apollo, but at the ſame time had a private intrigue with one Iſchis, which was diſcovered by a crow.

Vulcan,

Vulcan, the very monſter of the ſkies,
Vulcan ſhe takes, the God of Wit denies.
Then ceaſe to murmur at thy Myra's pride,
Whimſy, not Reaſon, is the female guide:
The fate, of which their maſter does complain,
Is of bad omen to th' inſpired train.
What vows have fail'd? Hark how Catullus mourns,
How Ovid weeps, and ſlighted Gallus burns;
In melting ſtrains ſee gentle Waller bleed,
Unmov'd ſhe heard, what none unmov'd can read.
And thou, who oft with ſuch ambitious choice,
Haſt rais'd to Myra thy aſpiring voice,
What profit thy neglected zeal repays?
Ah what return? Ungrateful to thy praiſe?
Change, change thy ſtyle, with mortal rage return
Unjuſt diſdain, and pride oppoſe to ſcorn;
Search all the ſecrets of the fair and young,
And then proclaim, ſoon ſhall they bribe thy tongue;
The ſharp detractor with ſucceſs aſſails,
Sure to be gentle to the man that rails;
Women, like cowards, tame to the ſevere,
Are only fierce when they diſcover fear.
Thus ſpake the God; and upward mounts in air,
In juſt reſentment of his paſt deſpair.
Provok'd to vengeance, to my aid I call
The furies round, and dip my pen in gall:
Not one ſhall 'ſcape of all the cozening Sex,
Vex'd ſhall they be, who ſo delight to vex.
In vain I try, in vain to vengeance move
My gentle Muſe, ſo us'd to tender love;

Such

Such magic rules my heart, whate'er I write
Turns all to ſoft complaint, and amorous flight.
Begone, fond thoughts, begone, be bold, ſaid I,
Satire 's thy theme—In vain again I try,
So charming Myra to each ſenſe appears,
My ſoul adores, my rage diſſolves in tears.
So the gall'd lion, ſmarting with his wound,
Threatens his foes, and makes the foreſt ſound,
With his ſtrong teeth he bites the bloody dart,
And tears his ſide with more provoking ſmart,
Till having ſpent his voice in fruitleſs cries,
He lays him down, breaks his proud heart, and dies.

ADIEU L'AMOUR.

HERE end my chains, and thraldom ceaſe,
If not in joy, I'll live at leaſt in peace;
Since for the pleaſures of an hour,
We muſt endure an age of pain,
I'll be this abject thing no more,
Love, give me back my heart again.

Deſpair tormented firſt my breaſt,
Now falſehood, a more cruel gueſt;
O! for the peace of humankind,
Make women longer true, or ſooner kind;
With juſtice, or with mercy reign,
O Love! or give me back my heart again.

L O V E.

TO love, is to be doom'd on earth to feel
What after death the tortur'd meet in hell:
The vulture dipping in Prometheus' ſide
His bloody beak, with his torn liver dy'd,
Is Love: The ſtone that labours up the hill,
Mocking the labourer's toil, returning ſtill,
Is Love. Thoſe ſtreams where Tantalus is curſt
To ſit, and never drink, with endleſs thirſt:
Thoſe loaden boughs that with their burthen bend
To court his taſte, and yet eſcape his hand,
All this is Love, that to diſſembled joys
Invites vain men, with real grief deſtroys.

MEDITATION ON DEATH.

I.

ENOUGH, enough, my ſoul, of worldly noiſe,
Of aëry pomps, and fleeting joys;
What does this buſy world provide at beſt,
But brittle goods that break like glaſs,
But poiſon'd ſweets, a troubled feaſt,
And pleaſures like the winds, that in a moment paſs?
Thy thoughts to nobler meditations give,
And ſtudy how to die, not how to live.

II. How

II.

How frail is beauty? Ah! how vain,
And how ſhort-liv'd thoſe glories are,
That vex our nights and days with pain,
And break our hearts with care!
In duſt we no diſtinction ſee,
Such Helen is, ſuch, Myra, thou muſt be.

III.

How ſhort is life? why will vain courtiers toil,
And croud a vainer monarch, for a ſmile?
What is that monarch, but a mortal man,
His crown a pageant, and his life a ſpan?
With all his guards and his dominions, he
Muſt ſicken too, and die as well as we.

IV.

Thoſe boaſted names of Conquerors and Kings
Are ſwallow'd, and become forgotten things:
One deſtin'd period men in common have,
The great, the baſe, the coward, and the brave,
All food alike for worms, companions in the grave.
The prince and paraſite together lie,
No fortune can exalt, but death will climb as high.

ESSAY

UPON UNNATURAL FLIGHTS IN POETRY.

AS when ſome image of a charming face
In living paint, an artiſt tries to trace,
He carefully conſults each beauteous line,
Adjuſting to his object, his deſign,
We praiſe the piece, and give the painter fame,
But as the juſt reſemblance ſpeaks the dame.
Poets are limners of another kind,
To copy out ideas in the mind;
Words are the paint by which their thoughts are ſhown,
And Nature fits, the object to be drawn;
The written picture we applaud, or blame,
But as the due proportions are the ſame.
Who driven with ungovernable fire,
Or void of art, beyond theſe bounds aſpire,
Gigantic forms, and monſtrous births alone
Produce, which Nature ſhock'd, diſdains to own.
By true reflexion I would ſee my face,
Why brings the fool a magnifying glaſs?
(1) "But Poetry in fiction takes delight,
"And mounting in bold figures out of ſight,
"Leaves Truth behind, in her audacious flight:
"Fables and metaphors, that always lie,
"And raſh hyperboles that ſoar ſo high,
"And every ornament of verſe muſt die."

Miſtake

Miſtake me not: no figures I exclude,
And but forbid intemperance, not food.
Who would with care ſome happy fiction frame,
So mimicks truth, it looks the very ſame;
Not rais'd to force, or feign'd in nature's ſcorn,
But meant to grace, illuſtrate, and adorn.
Important truths ſtill let your fables hold,
And moral myſteries with art unfold.
Ladies and beaux to pleaſe, is all the taſk,
But the ſharp critic will inſtruction aſk.

(2) As veils tranſparent cover, but not hide,
Such metaphors appear when right apply'd;
When thro' the phraſe we plainly ſee the ſenſe,
Truth, where the meaning's obvious, will diſpenſe;
The reader what in reaſon's due, believes,
Nor can we call that falſe, which not deceives.

(3) Hyperboles, ſo daring and ſo bold,
Diſdaining bounds, are yet by rules control'd;
Above the clouds, but ſtill within our ſight,
They mount with truth, and make a tow'ring flight,
Preſenting things impoſſible to view,
They wander thro' incredible to true:
Falſehoods thus mix'd, like metals are refin'd,
And truth, like ſilver, leaves the droſs behind.

Thus Poetry has ample ſpace to ſoar,
Nor needs forbidden regions to explore:
Such vaunts as his, who can with patience read,
Who thus deſcribes his hero ſlain and dead:
(4) "Kill'd as * he was, inſenſible of death,
"He ſtill fights on, and ſcorns to yield his breath."

* Arioſto.

The noisy Culverin o'ercharg'd, lets fly,
And burst unaiming in the rended sky:
Such frantic flights are like a madman's dream,
And nature suffers in the wild extreme.

The captive Canibal weigh'd down with chains,
Yet braves his foes, reviles, provokes, disdains,
Of nature fierce, untameable, and proud,
He grins defiance at the gaping croud,
And spent at last, and speechless as he lies,
With looks still threatning, mocks their rage, and dies,
This is the utmost stretch that Nature can,
And all beyond is fulsome, false, and vain.

Beauty's the theme; some nymph divinely fair
Excites the Muse: let truth be even there:
As painters flatter, so may poets too,
But to resemblance must be ever true.

(5) "The * day that she was born, the Cyprian Queen
"Had like t' have dy'd thro' envy and thro' spleen;
"The Graces in a hurry left the skies
"To have the honour to attend her eyes;
"And love, despairing in her heart a place,
"Would needs take up his lodging in her face."
Tho' wrote by great Corneille, such lines as these,
Such civil nonsense sure could never please.
Waller, the best of all th' inspir'd train,
To melt the fair, instructs the dying swain.

* Corneille.

(6) The

(6) The * Roman wit, who impiously divides
His hero, and his gods to diff'rent sides,
I would condemn, but that, in spight of sense
Th' admiring world still stands in his defence.
How oft, alas! the best of men in vain
Contend for blessings which the worst obtain!
The Gods, permitting traitors to succeed,
Become not parties in an impious deed:
And by the tyrant's murder, we may find
That Cato and the Gods were of a mind.

Thus forcing truth with such prepost'rous praise,
Our characters we lessen, when we'd raise:
Like castles built by magic art in air,
That vanish at approach, such thoughts appear;
But rais'd on truth, by some judicious hand,
As on a rock they shall for ages stand.

(7) Our King † return'd, and banish'd peace restor'd,
The Muse ran mad to see her exil'd Lord;
On the crack'd stage the bedlam heroes roar'd,
And scarce could speak one reasonable word;
Dryden himself, to please a frantic age,
Was forc'd to let his judgment stoop to rage,
To a wild audience he conform'd his voice,
Comply'd to custom, but not err'd by choice:
Deem then the peoples, not the writer's sin,
Almanzor's rage, and rants of Maximin;
That fury spent in each elaborate piece,
He vies for fame with ancient Rome and Greece.

* Lucan. † King Charles II.

First* Mulgrave rose, Roscommon next, like light,
To clear our darkness, and to guide our flight;
With steady judgment, and in lofty sounds,
They gave us patterns, and they set us bounds;
The Stagirite and Horace laid aside,
Inform'd by them, we need no foreign guide:
Who seek from poetry a lasting name,
May in their lessons learn the road to fame:
But let the bold adventurer be sure
That every line the test of truth endure;
On this foundation may the fabric rise,
Firm and unshaken, till it touch the skies.

From pulpits banish'd, from the court, from love,
Forsaken Truth seeks shelter in the grove;
Cherish, ye Muses! the neglected fair,
And take into your train th' abandon'd wanderer.

* Earl of Mulgrave's Essay upon Poetry; and Lord Roscommon's upon translated Verse.

EXPLA-

EXPLANATORY ANNOTATIONS

ON THE

FOREGOING POEM.

(1) THE Poetic world is nothing but fiction; Parnaſſus, Pegaſus, and the Muſes, pure imagination and chimæra: but being however a ſyſtem univerſally agreed on, all that has or may be contrived or invented upon this foundation, according to nature, ſhall be reputed as truth; but whatſoever ſhall diminiſh from, or exceed the juſt proportions of nature, ſhall be rejected as falſe, and paſs for extravagance; as dwarfs and giants, for monſters.

(2) When Homer, mentioning Achilles, terms him a lion, this is a metaphor, and the meaning is obvious and true, though the literal ſenſe be falſe, the poet intending thereby to give his reader ſome idea of the ſtrength and fortitude of his hero. He ſaid, that wolf, or that bear, this had been falſe by preſenting an image not conformable to the nature and character of a hero, &c.

(3) Hyperboles are of diverſe ſorts, and the manner of introducing them is different: ſome are as it were

were naturalized and eſtabliſhed by a cuſtomary way of expreſſion; as when we ſay, ſuch a one's as ſwift as the wind, whiter than ſnow, or the like. Homer ſpeaking of Nereus, calls him beauty itſelf. Martial of Zoilus, Lewdneſs itſelf. Such hyperboles lye indeed, but deceive us not; and therefore Seneca terms them lyes that readily conduct our imagination to truths, and have an intelligible ſignification, though the expreſſion be ſtrained beyond credibility. Cuſtom has likewiſe familiarized another way for hyperboles, for example, by irony; as when we ſay of ſome infamous woman, ſhe's a civil perſon, where the meaning is to be taken quite oppoſite to the latter. Theſe few figures are mentioned only for example ſake; it will be underſtood that all others are to be uſed with the like care and diſcretion.

(4) I needed not to have travelled ſo far for an extravagant flight; I remember one of Britiſh growth of the like nature:

> See thoſe dead bodies hence convey'd with care,
> Life may perhaps return—with change of air.

But I chooſe rather to correct gently, by foreign examples, hoping that ſuch as are conſcious of the like exceſſes will take the hint, and ſecretly reprove themſelves. It may be poſſible for ſome tempers to maintain rage and indignation to the laſt gaſp; but the

the ſoul and body once parted, there muſt neceſſarily be a determination of action.

Quodcunque oſtendis mihi ſic incredulus odi.

I cannot forbear quoting on this occaſion, as an example for the preſent purpoſe, two noble lines of Jaſper Main's, in the collection of the Oxford Verſes printed in the year 1643, upon the death of my grandfather Sir Bevil Granville, ſlain in the heat of action at the battle of Landſdowne. The poet, after having deſcribed the fight, the ſoldiers animated by the example of their leader, and enraged at his death, thus concludes:

Thus he being ſlain, his *action* fought anew,
And the dead conquer'd, whilſt the living flew.

This is agreeable to truth, and within the compaſs of nature: it is thus only that the dead can act.

(5) *Le jour qu'elle nâquit, Venus bien qu'immortelle,*
Penſa mourir de honte, en la voyant ſi belle,
Les graces a l'envi deſcendirent des cieux
Pour avoir l'honeur d'accompagner ſes yeux,
Et l'amour, qui ne pût entrer dans ſon courage,
Voulut obſtinément loger ſur ſon viſage.

This is a lover's deſcription of his miſtreſs, by the great Corneille; civil, to be ſure, and polite as any thing can be. Let any body turn over Waller, and he will ſee how much more naturally and delicately the Engliſh author treats the article of love, than this

this celebrated Frenchman. I would not, however, be thought by any derogatory quotation to take from the merit of a writer whose reputation is so universally and so justly established in all nations; but as I said before, I rather choose, where any failings are to be found, to correct my own countrymen by foreign examples, than to provoke them by instances drawn from their own writings. *Humanum est errare.* I cannot forbear one quotation more from another celebrated French author. It is an epigram upon a monument for Francis I. King of France, by way of question and answer, which in English is verbatim thus:

Under this marble, who lies buried here?
Francis the Great, a king beyond compare.
Why has so great a king so small a stone?
Of that great king here 's but the heart alone.
Then of this conqueror here lies but part?
No—here he lies *all*—for he was all *heart*.

The author was a Gascon, to whom I can properly oppose nobody so well as a Welchman, for which purpose I am farther furnished from the forementioned collection of Oxford Verses, with an epigram by Martin Lluellin upon the same subject, which I remember to have heard often repeated to me when I was a boy. Besides, from whence can we draw better

better examples than from the very ſeat and nurſery of the Muſes?

Thus ſlain, thy valiant* anceſtor did lie,
When his one bark a navy did defy;
When now encompaſs'd round, he victor ſtood,
And bath'd his pinnace in his conquering blood,
Till all the purple current dry'd and ſpent,
He fell, and made the waves his monument.
Where ſhall the next fam'd Granville's aſhes ſtand?
Thy grandſire's fills the ſea, and thine the land.

I cannot ſay the two laſt lines, in which conſiſts the ſting or point of the epigram, are ſtrictly conformable to the rule herein ſet down: the word *aſhes*, metaphorically, can ſignify nothing but *fame*; which is mere ſound, and can fill no ſpace either of land or ſea: The Welchman, however, muſt be allowed to have out-done the Gaſcon. The fallacy of the French epigram appears at firſt ſight; but the Engliſh ſtrikes the fancy, ſuſpends and dazzles the judgment, and may perhaps be allowed to paſs under the ſhelter of thoſe daring hyperboles, which by preſenting an obvious meaning, make their way, according to Seneca, through the incredible to true.

* Sir Richard Granville, Vice-Admiral of England, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, maintained a fight with his ſingle ſhip againſt the whole Armada of Spain, conſiſting of fifty-three of their beſt men of war.

(6) *Victrix causa Deis placuit, sed victa Catoni.*

The consent of so many ages having established the reputation of this line, it may perhaps be presumption to attack it; but it is not to be supposed that Cato, who is described to have been a man of rigid morals and strict devotion, more resembling the Gods than men, would have chosen any party in opposition to those Gods, whom he professed to adore. The poet would give us to understand, that his hero was too righteous a person to accompany the Divinities themselves in an unjust cause; but to represent a mortal man to be either wiser or juster than the Deity, may shew the impiety of the writer, but add nothing to the merit of the hero; neither Reason nor Religion will allow it, and it is impossible for a corrupt being to be more excellent than a divine: Success implies permission, and not approbation; to place the Gods always on the thriving side, is to make them partakers of all successful wickedness: To judge right, we must wait for the conclusion of the action; the catastrophe will best decide on which side is Providence, and the violent death of Cæsar acquits the Gods from being companions of his usurpation.

Lucan was a determined republican; no wonder he was a free-thinker.

(7) Mr.

(7) Mr. Dryden, in one of his prologues, has theſe two lines:

He's bound to pleaſe, not to write well, and knows
There is a mode in plays, as well as clothes.

From whence it is plain where he has expoſed himſelf to the critics; he was forced to follow the faſhion to humour an audience, and not to pleaſe himſelf. A hard ſacrifice to make for preſent ſubſiſtence, eſpecially for ſuch as would have their writings live as well as themſelves. Nor can the poet whoſe labours are his daily bread, be delivered from this cruel neceſſity, unleſs ſome more certain encouragement can be provided than the bare uncertain profits of a third day, and the theatre be put under ſome more impartial management than the juriſdiction of players. Who write to live, muſt unavoidably comply with their taſte by whoſe approbation they ſubſiſt; ſome generous Prince, or Prime Miniſter like Richlieu, can only find a remedy. In his Epiſtle Dedicatory to the Spaniſh Friar, this incomparable poet thus cenſures himſelf:

" I remember ſome verſes of my own, Maximin
" and Almanzor, which cry vengeance upon me for
" their extravagance, &c. All I can ſay for thoſe
" paſſages, which are I hope not many, is, that I
" knew they were bad enough to pleaſe, even when
" I wrote them; but I repent of them among my
" ſins:

" ſins: And if any of their fellows intrude by
" chance into my preſent writings, I draw a ſtroke
" over thoſe Dalilahs of the theatre, and am re-
" ſolved I will ſettle myſelf no reputation by the
" applauſe of fools: 'Tis not that I am mortified to
" all ambition, but I ſcorn as much to take it from
" half-witted judges, as I ſhould to raiſe an eſtate
" by cheating of bubbles: Neither do I diſcom-
" mend the lofty ſtyle in Tragedy, which is pom-
" pous and magnificent; but nothing is truly ſu-
" blime, that is not juſt and proper."

This may ſtand as an unanſwerable apology for Mr. Dryden, againſt his critics; and likewiſe for an unqueſtionable authority to confirm thoſe principles which the foregoing Poem pretends to lay down, for nothing can be juſt and proper but what is built upon truth.

EPIGRAMS

EPIGRAMS AND CHARACTERS, &c.

INSCRIPTION FOR A FIGURE REPRESENTING THE GOD OF LOVE.

WHOE'ER thou art, thy lord and maſter ſee,
Thou waſt my ſlave, thou art, or thou ſhalt be.

DEFINITION OF LOVE.

LOVE is begot by fancy, bred
By ignorance, by expectation fed,
Deſtroy'd by knowledge, and at beſt,
Loſt in the moment 'tis poſſeſs'd.

WOMEN.

WOMEN to cards may be compar'd; we play
A round or two, when us'd we throw away,
Take a freſh pack; nor is it worth our grieving,
Who cuts or ſhuffles with our dirty leaving.

THE RELIEF.

OF two Reliefs to eaſe a love-ſick mind,
Flavia preſcribes deſpair; I urge, be kind:
Flavia, be kind, the remedy's as ſure,
'Tis the moſt pleaſant, and the quickeſt cure.

SENT TO CLARINDA WITH A NOVEL, INTITLED, LES MALHEURS DE L'AMOUR.

Haste to Clarinda, and reveal
Whatever pains poor lovers feel;
When that is done, then tell the fair
That I endure much more for her:
Who'd truly know love's pow'er or ſmart,
Muſt view her eyes, and read my heart.

WRITTEN IN HER PRAYER-BOOK.

In vain, Clarinda, night and day
For pity to the gods you pray;
What arrogance on Heav'n to call
For that which you deny to all!

SONG

TO THE SAME.

In vain a thouſand ſlaves have try'd
To overcome Clarinda's pride:
Pity pleading,
Love perſuading,
When her icy heart is thaw'd,
Honour chides, and ſtraight ſhe's aw'd.

Fooliſh

Foolish creature,
Follow Nature,
Waste not thus your prime;
Youth's a treasure,
Love's a pleasure,
Both destroy'd by time.

ON THE SAME.

Clarinda, with a haughty grace,
In scornful postures sets her face,
And looks as she were born alone
To give us love, and take from none.
Tho' I adore to that degree,
Clarinda, I would die for thee,
If you're too proud to ease my pain,
I am too proud for your disdain.

HER NAME.

Guess, and I'll frankly own her name
Whose eyes have kindled such a flame;
The Spartan or the Cyprian Queen
Had ne'er been sung, had she been seen.
Who set the very gods at war,
Were but faint images of her.
Believe me, for by Heav'ns 'tis true!
The Sun in all his ample view
Sees nothing half so fair or bright,
Not even his own reflected light.
So sweet a face! such graceful mien!
Who can this be?—'Tis Howard—or Ballenden.

CLEORA.

CLEORA has her wiſh, ſhe weds a peer,
Her weighty train two pages ſcarce can bear;
Perſia, and both the Indies muſt provide,
To grace her pomp, and gratify her pride;
Of rich brocade a ſhining robe ſhe wears,
And gems ſurround her lovely neck, like ſtars;
Drawn by ſix greys, of the proud Belgian kind,
With a long train of livery beaux behind,
She charms the park, and ſets all hearts on fire,
The lady's envy, and the mens deſire.
Beholding thus, O happy as a queen!
We cry; but ſhift the gaudy flattering ſcene;
View her at home, in her domeſtic light;
For thither ſhe muſt come, at leaſt at night;
What has ſhe there? A ſurly ill-bred lord,
Who chides, and ſnaps her up at every word;
A brutal ſot, who while ſhe holds his head,
With drunken filth bedawbs the nuptial bed;
Sick to the heart, ſhe breathes the nauſeous fume
Of odious ſteams, that poiſon all the room;
Weeping all night the trembling creature lies,
And counts the tedious hours when ſhe may riſe:
But moſt ſhe fears, leſt waking ſhe ſhould find,
To make amends, the monſter would be kind;
Thoſe matchleſs beauties, worthy of a god,
Muſt bear, tho' much averſe, the loathſome load:

What

What then may be the chance that next enſues?
Some vile diſeaſe, freſh reeking from the ſtews;
The ſecret venom circling in her veins,
Works thro' her ſkin, and burſts in bloating ſtains;
Her cheeks their freſhneſs loſe, and wonted grace,
And an unuſal paleneſs ſpreads her face;
Her eyes grow dim, and her corrupted breath
Tainting her gums, infects her iv'ry teeth!
Of ſharp nocturnal anguiſh ſhe complains,
And, guiltleſs of the cauſe, relates her pains.
The conſcious huſband, whom like ſymptoms ſeize,
Charges on her the guilt of their diſeaſe;
Affecting fury acts a madman's part,
He'll rip the fatal ſecret from her heart;
Bids her confeſs, calls her ten thouſand names;
In vain ſhe kneels, ſhe weeps, proteſts, exclaims;
Scarce with her life ſhe 'ſcapes, expos'd to ſhame,
In body tortur'd, murder'd in her fame,
Rots with a vile adultereſs's name.
Abandon'd by her friends, without defence,
And happy only in her innocence.

Such is the vengeance the juſt Gods provide
For thoſe who barter liberty for pride,
Who impiouſly invoke the powers above
To witneſs to falſe vows of mutual love.
Thouſands of poor Cleora's may be found,
Such huſbands, and ſuch wretched wives abound.

Ye guardian Powers! the arbiters of bliſs,
Preſerve Clarinda from a fate like this;
You form'd her fair, not any grace deny'd,
But gave, alas! a ſpark too much of pride.

Reform that failing, and protect her ſtill;
O ſave her from the curſe of chooſing ill!
Deem it not envy, or a jealous care,
That moves theſe wiſhes, or provokes this prayer;
Though worſe than death I dread to ſee thoſe charms
Allotted to ſome happier mortal's arms,
Tormenting thought! yet could I bear that pain,
Or any ill, but hearing her complain;
Intent on her, my love forgets his own,
Nor frames one wiſh, but for her ſake alone;
Whome'er the Gods have deſtin'd to prefer,
They cannot make me wretched, bleſſing her.

C L O E.

IMPATIENT with deſire, at laſt
I ventur'd to lay forms aſide;
'Twas I was modeſt, not ſhe chaſte,
Cloe, ſo gently preſs'd, comply'd.

With idle awe, an amorous fool,
I gaz'd upon her eyes with fear;
Say, Love, how came your ſlave ſo dull,
To read no better there?

Thus to ourſelves the greateſt foes,
Although the nymph be well inclin'd;
For want of courage to propoſe,
By our own folly ſhe's unkind.

MRS. CLA-

MRS. CLAVERING*,

SINGING.

WHEN we behold her angel face;
Or when ſhe ſings with heavenly grace,
In what we hear, or what we ſee,
So raviſhing 's the harmony,
The melting ſoul in rapture loſt,
Knows not which charm enchants it moſt.

Sounds that made hills and rocks rejoice,
Amphion's lute, the Syren's voice,
Wonders with pain receiv'd for true,
At once find credit, and renew;
No charms like Clavering's voice ſurprize.
Except the magic of her eyes.

SONG.

THE happieſt mortals once were we,
I lov'd Myra, Myra me;
Each deſirous of the bleſſing,
Nothing wanting but poſſeſſing;
I lov'd Myra, Myra me,
The happieſt mortals once were we.

* Afterwards Lady Cowper.

But ſince cruel fates diſſever,
Torn from love, and torn for ever,
Tortures end me,
Death befriend me;
Of all pains, the greateſt pain,
Is to love, and love in vain.

THE WILD BOAR'S DEFENCE.

A BOAR who had enjoy'd a happy reign
For many a year, and fed on many a man,
Call'd to account, ſoftening his ſavage eyes,
Thus ſuppliant, pleads his cauſe before he dies.
For what am I condemn'd? My crime's no more
To eat a man, than yours to eat a boar:
We ſeek not you, but take what chance provides,
Nature, and mere neceſſity our guides.
You murder us in ſport, then diſh us up
For drunken feaſts, a reliſh for the cup:
We lengthen not our meals; but you muſt feaſt,
Gorge till your bellies burſt—pray who's the beaſt?
With your humanity you keep a fuſs,
But are in truth worſe brutes than all of us:
We prey not on our kind, but you, dear brother,
Moſt beaſtly of all beaſts, devour each other:

Kings

Kings worry kings, neighbour with neighbour ſtrives,
Fathers and ſons, friends, brothers, huſbands, wives,
By fraud or force, by poiſon, ſword, or gun,
Deſtroy each other, every mother's ſon.

FOR LIBERALITY.

THOUGH ſafe thou think'ſt thy treaſure lies,
Hidden in cheſts from human eyes,
A fire may come, and it may be
Bury'd, my friend, as far from thee.
Thy veſſel that yon ocean ſtems,
Loaded with golden duſt, and gems,
Purchas'd with ſo much pains and coſt,
Yet in a tempeſt may be loſt.
Pimps, whores, and bawds, a thankleſs crew,
Prieſts, pick-pockets, and lawyers too,
All help by ſeveral ways to drain,
And hanking themſelves for what they gain:
The liberal are ſecure alone,
For what we frankly give, for ever is our own.

CORINNA.

CORINNA, in the bloom of youth
Was coy to every lover,
Regardleſs of the tendereſt truth,
No ſoft complaint could move her.

Mankind was hers, all at her feet
Lay proſtrate and adoring;
The witty, handſome, rich, and great,
In vain alike imploring.

But now grown old, ſhe would repair
Her loſs of time, and pleaſure;
With willing eyes, and wanton air,
Inviting every gazer.

But love 's a ſummer flower, that dies
With the firſt weather's changing,
The lover, like the ſwallow, flies
From ſun to ſun, ſtill ranging.

Myra, let this example move
Your fooliſh heart to reaſon;
Youth is the proper time for love,
And age is virtue's ſeaſon.

CLOE.

C L O E.

BRIGHT as the day, and like the morning, fair,
Such Cloe is—and common as the air.

A RECEIPT FOR VAPOURS.

WHY pines my dear? To Fulvia his young bride,
Who weeping ſat, thus aged Cornus cry'd.
Alas! ſaid ſhe, ſuch viſions break my reſt,
The ſtrangeſt thoughts! I think I am poſſeſt:
My ſymptoms I have told to men of ſkill,
And if I would—they ſay—I might be well.
Take their advice, ſaid he, my poor dear wife,
I'll buy at any rate thy precious life.
Bluſhing, ſhe would excuſe, but all in vain,
A Doctor muſt be fetch'd to eaſe her pain.
Hard preſs'd, ſhe yields: From White's, or Will's, or Tom's,
No matter which, he's ſummon'd, and he comes.
The careful huſband, with a kind embrace
Entreats his care: then bows, and quits the place:
For little ailments oft attend the Fair,
Not decent for a huſband's eye, or ear.
Something the dame would ſay: The ready Knight
Prevents her ſpeech—Here's that ſhall ſet you right,
Madam,

Madam, ſaid he—with that the doors made cloſe,
He gives deliciouſly the healing doſe.
Alas! ſhe cries: ah me! O cruel cure!
Did ever woman yet like me endure?
The work perform'd, up riſing gay and light,
Old Cornus is call'd in to ſee the ſight;
A ſprightly red vermilions all her face,
And her eyes languiſh with unuſual grace:
With tears of joy freſh guſhing from his eyes,
O wond'rous power of art! old Cornus cries;
Amazing change! aſtoniſhing ſucceſs!
Thrice happy I! What a brave Doctor's this!
Maids, wives, and widows, with ſuch whims oppreſt,
May thus find certain eaſe.—*Probatum eſt.*

ON AN ILL-FAVOURED LORD.

THAT Macro's looks are good, let no man doubt,
Which I, his friend and ſervant—thus make out.
In every line of his perfidious face,
The ſecret malice of his heart we trace;
So fair the warning, and ſo plainly writ,
Let none condemn the light that ſhows a pit.
Cocles, whoſe face finds credit for his heart,
Who can eſcape ſo ſmooth a villain's art?
Adorn'd with every grace that can perſuade,
Seeing we truſt, though ſure to be betray'd;

His

His looks are ſnares: But Macro's, cry Beware,
Believe not, though ten thouſand oaths he ſwear;
If thou 'rt deceiv'd, obſerving well this rule,
Not Macro is the knave, but thou the fool.
In this one point, he and his looks agree,
As they betray their maſter—ſo did he.

CLOE.

CLOE's the wonder of her ſex,
'Tis well her heart is tender,
How might ſuch killing eyes perplex,
With virtue to defend her?

But Nature graciouſly inclin'd
With liberal hand to pleaſe us,
Has to her boundleſs beauty join'd
A boundleſs bent to eaſe us.

ON THE SAME.

OF injur'd fame, and mighty wrongs receiv'd,
Cloe complains, and wond'roufly 's aggriev'd:
That free, and laviſh of a beauteous face,
The faireſt, and the fouleſt of her race;

She 's

She 's mine, or thine, and ſtrolling up and down,
Sucks in more filth, than any ſink in town,
I not deny: This I have ſaid, 'tis true;
What wrong! to give ſo bright a nymph her due.

CORINNA.

SO well Corinna likes the joy,
She vows ſhe 'll never more be coy,
She drinks eternal draughts of pleaſure;
Eternal draughts do not ſuffice,
O! give me, give me more, ſhe cries,
'Tis all too little, little meaſure.

Thus wiſely ſhe makes up for time
Miſpent, while youth was in its prime:
So travellers who waſte the day,
Careful and cautious of their way,
Noting at length the ſetting ſun,
They mend their pace as night comes on,
Double their ſpeed to reach their inn,
And whip and ſpur through thick and thin.

CLOE PERFUMING HERSELF.

BELIEVE me, Cloe, thoſe perfumes that coſt
Such ſums to ſweeten thee, is treaſure loſt;
Not all Arabia would ſufficient be,
Thou ſmell'ſt not of thy ſweets, they ſtink of thee.

BELINDA.

BELINDA.

BELINDA's pride 's an arrant cheat
A fooliſh artifice to blind;
Some honeſt glance that ſcorns deceit
Does ſtill reveal her native mind.

With look demure, and forc'd diſdain,
She idly acts the ſaint;
We ſee through this diſguiſe as plain
As we diſtinguiſh paint.

So have I ſeen grave fools deſign,
With formal looks to paſs for wiſe;
But nature is a light will ſhine,
And break through all diſguiſe.

IMPROMPTU.

WRITTEN UNDER A PICTURE OF THE COUNTESS OF SANDWICH, DRAWN IN MAN'S HABIT.

WHEN Sandwich in her ſex's garb we ſee,
The Queen of Beauty then ſhe ſeems to be:
Now fair Adonis in this male diſguiſe,
Or little Cupid with his mother's eyes.
No ſtyle of empire chang'd by this remove,
Who ſeem'd the Goddeſs, ſeems the God of Love.

TO

TO MY FRIEND

MR. JOHN DRYDEN,

ON HIS SEVERAL EXCELLENT TRANSLATIONS OF THE ANCIENT POETS.

AS flowers tranſplanted from a ſouthern ſky,
But hardly bear, or in the raiſing die,
Miſſing their native ſun, at beſt retain
But a faint odour, and ſurvive with pain:
Thus ancient wit, in modern numbers taught,
Wanting the warmth with which its author wrote,
Is a dead image, and a ſenſeleſs draught.
While we transfuſe the nimble ſpirit flies,
Eſcapes unſeen, evaporates, and dies.
Who then to copy Roman wit deſire,
Muſt imitate with Roman force and fire,
In elegance of ſtyle, and phraſe the ſame,
And in the ſparkling genius, and the flame;
Whence we conclude from thy tranſlated ſong,
So juſt, ſo ſmooth, ſo ſoft, and yet ſo ſtrong;
Celeſtial Poet! Soul of harmony!
That every genius was reviv'd in thee.
Thy trumpet ſounds, the dead are rais'd to light,
Never to die, and take to heaven their flight;
Deck'd in thy verſe, as clad with rays they ſhine,
All glorify'd, immortal, and divine.

As

As Britain in rich ſoil, abounding wide,
Furniſh'd for uſe, for luxury, and pride,
Yet ſpreads her wanton ſails on every ſhore
For foreign wealth, inſatiate ſtill of more;
To her own wool the ſilks of Aſia joins;
And to her plenteous harveſts, Indian mines:
So Dryden, not contented with the fame
Of his own works, though an immortal name,
To lands remote, ſends forth his learned Muſe,
The nobleſt ſeeds of foreign wit to chooſe;
Feaſting our ſenſe ſo many various ways,
Say, is 't thy bounty, or thy thirſt of praiſe?
That by comparing others, all might ſee,
Who moſt excell'd, are yet excell'd by thee.

A MORNING HYMN

TO THE DUCHESS OF HAMILTON.

AWAKE, bright Hamilton, ariſe,
Goddeſs of Love, and of the day;
Awake, diſcloſe thy radiant eyes,
And ſhew the ſun a brighter ray.
Phœbus in vain calls forth the bluſhing morn,
He but creates the day which you adorn.

The lark, that wont with warbling throat
Early to salute the skies,
Or sleeps, or else suspends his note,
Disclaiming day till you arise.

Goddess awake, thy beams display,
Restore the universe to light,
When Hamilton appears, then dawns the day;
And when she disappears, begins the night.

Lovers, who watchful vigils keep,
(For lovers never, never sleep)
Wait for the rising of the Fair,
To offer songs and hymns of prayer;
Like Persians to the sun,
Even life, and death, and fate are there:

For in the rolls of ancient destiny,
Th' inevitable book, 'twas noted down,
The dying should revive, the living die,
As Hamilton shall smile, as Hamilton shall frown!

CHORUS.

Awake bright Hamilton, arise,
Goddess of love, and of the day,
Awake, disclose thy radiant eyes,
And shew the sun a brighter ray.
Phœbus in vain calls forth the blushing morn,
He but creates the day, which you adorn.

DRINK-

DRINKING SONG TO SLEEP.

GREAT God of Sleep, ſince it muſt be,
That we muſt give ſome hours to thee,
Invade me not while the free bowl
Glows in my cheeks, and warms my ſoul;
That be my only time to ſnore,
When I can laugh, and drink no more;
Short, very ſhort be then thy reign,
For I'm in haſte to laugh and drink again.
But O! if melting in my arms,
In ſome ſoft dream, with all her charms,
The nymph belov'd ſhould then ſurprize,
And grant what waking ſhe denies;
Then, gentle Slumber, pr'ythee ſtay,
Slowly, ah! ſlowly bring the day,
Let no rude noiſe my bliſs deſtroy,
Such ſweet deluſion's real joy.

WRITTEN UNDER MRS. HARE'S NAME, UPON A DRINKING GLASS.

THE Gods of Wine, and Wit, and Love prepare,
With chearful bowls to celebrate the Fair:
Love is enjoin'd to name his favourite toaſt,
And Hare's the Goddeſs that delights him moſt;
Phœbus approves, and bids the trumpet ſound,
And Bacchus in a bumper ſends it round.

UNDER THE DUCHESS OF BOLTON'S.

LOVE's keeneſt darts are radiant Bolton's care,
Which the bright Goddeſs poiſons with deſpair:
The God of Wine the dire effect foreſees,
And ſends the juice that gives the lover eaſe.

UNDER THE LADY HARPER'S NAME.

TO Harper, ſprightly, young, and gay,
Sweet as the roſy morn in May,
Fill to the brim, I'll drink it up
To the laſt drop, were poiſon in the cup.

UNDER THE LADY MARY VILLIERS' NAME.

IF I not love you, Villiers, more
Than ever mortal lov'd before,
With ſuch a paſſion fixt and ſure,
As even poſſeſſion could not cure,
Never to ceaſe but with my breath;
May then this bumper be my death.

CUPID

CUPID DISARMED.

TO THE PRINCESS D'AUVERGNE.

CUPID, delighting to be near her,
Charm'd to behold her, charm'd to hear her,
As he ſtood gazing on her face,
Enchanted with each matchleſs grace,
Loſt in the trance, he drops the dart,
Which never fails to reach the heart:
She ſeizes it, and arms her hand,
" 'Tis thus I Love himſelf command;
" Now tremble, cruel boy, ſhe ſaid,
" For all the miſchief you have made."
The God, recovering his ſurprize,
Truſts to his wings, away he flies.
Swift as an arrow cuts the wind,
And leaves his whole artillery behind.

Princeſs, reſtore the boy his uſeleſs darts,
With ſurer charms you captivate our hearts;
Love's captives oft their liberty regain,
Death only can releaſe us from your chain.

EXPLICATION IN FRENCH.

CUPIDON DESARMÉ.

TABLE POUR MADAME LA PRINCESSE D'AUVERGNE.

CUPIDON prenant plaſir de ſe trouver toûjours aupres d'elle; charmé de la voir, charmé de l'entendre: Comme il admiroit un jour ſes graces inimitables, dans cette diſtraction de ſon ame & de ſes ſens, ill laiſſa tomber ce dard fatal qui ne manque jamis de percer les cœurs. Elle le ramaſſe ſoudain, & s'armant la belle main.

" C'eſt ainſi, dit elle, que je me rend maitreſſe " de l'amour, tremblez, enfant malin, je veux " vanger tous les maux que tu as fait."

Le Dieu etonné, revenant de ſa ſurprize, ſe fiant a ſes ailes, s'echappe, & s'envole vite comme une fleche qui fend l'air, & lui laiſſe la poſſeſſion de toute ſon artillerie.

Princeſſe rendez lui ſes armes qui vous ſont inutiles:
La nature vous a donnee des charmes plus puiſſants:
Les captives de l'amour ſouvent recouvrent la liberté;
Il n'y a que la mort ſeule qui puiſſe affranchir les
votres.

BACCHUS

BACCHUS DISARMED.

TO MRS. LAURA DILLON, NOW LADY FALKLAND.

BACCHUS to arms, the enemy's at hand,
Laura appears; ſtand to your glaſſes, ſtand,
The God of Love, the God of Wine defies,
Behold him in full march, in Laura's eyes:
Bacchus to arms, and to reſiſt the dart,
Each with a faithful brimmer guard his heart.
Fly, Bacchus, fly, there's treaſon in the cup,
For Love comes pouring in with every drop;
I feel him in my heart, my blood, my brain,
Fly, Bacchus, fly, reſiſtance is in vain,
Or craving quarter, crown a friendly bowl
To Laura's health, and give up all thy ſoul.

THYRSIS AND DELIA.

SONG IN DIALOGUE.

THYRSIS.

DELIA, how long muſt I deſpair,
And tax you with diſdain;
Still to my tender love ſevere,
Untouch'd when I complain?

DELIA.

When men of equal merit love us,
And do with equal ardor ſue,
Thyrſis, you know but one muſt move us,
Can I be yours and Strephon's too?

My eyes view both with mighty pleaſure,
Impartial to your high deſert,
To both alike, eſteem I meaſure,
To one alone can give my heart.

THYRSIS.

Myſterious guide of inclination,
Tell me, tyrant, why am I
With equal merit, equal paſſion,
Thus the victim choſen to die?
Why am I
The victim choſen to die?

DELIA.

On Fate alone depends ſucceſs,
And Fancy, Reaſon over-rules,
Or why ſhould virtue ever miſs
Reward, ſo often given to fools?

'Tis not the valiant, nor the witty,
But who alone is born to pleaſe;
Love does predeſtinate our pity,
We chooſe but whom he firſt decrees.

A LATIN

A LATIN INSCRIPTION

ON A MEDAL FOR LEWIS XIV. OF FRANCE.

PROXIMUS & ſimilis regnas, Ludovice, tonanti,
Vim ſummam, ſumma cum pietate, geris,
Magnus es expanſis alis, ſed maximus armis,
Protegis hinc Anglos, Teutones inde feris.
Quin cöeant toto Titania fœdera Rheno,
Illa aquilam tantùm, Gallia fulmen habet.

ENGLISHED, AND APPLIED TO QUEEN ANNE.

NEXT to the Thunderer let Anna ſtand,
In piety ſupreme, as in command;
Fam'd for victorious arms and generous aid,
Young Auſtria's refuge, and fierce Bourbon's dread.
Titanian leagues in vain ſhall brave the Rhine,
When to the Eagle, you the thunder join.

URGANDA'S

URGANDA'S PROPHECY.

SPOKEN BY WAY OF EPILOGUE AT THE FIRST REPRESENTATION OF THE BRITISH ENCHANTERS.

PPOPHETIC fury rolls within my breaſt,
And as at Delphos, when the foaming prieſt
Full of his God, proclaims the diſtant doom
Of kings unborn, and nations yet to come;
My labouring mind ſo ſtruggles to unfold
On Britiſh ground a future age of gold;
But leſt incredulous you hear—behold:

Here a Scene repreſenting the QUEEN, *and the ſeveral Triumphs of Her Majeſty's Reign.*

High on a throne appears the martial Queen,
With grace ſublime, and with imperial mien;
Surveying round her, with impartial eyes,
Whom to protect, or whom ſhe ſhall chaſtiſe.
Next to her ſide, victorious Marlbro' ſtands,
Waiting, obſervant of her dread commands;
The Queen ordains, and like Alcides, he
Obeys, and executes her high decree.
In every line of her auſpicious face
Soft mercy ſmiles, adorn'd with every grace;
So angels look, and ſo when heaven decrees,
They ſcourge the world to piety and peace.

Empreſs

Empreſs and conqu'ror, hail! thee Fates ordain
O'er all the willing world ſole arbitreſs to reign;
To no one people are thy laws confin'd,
Great Britain's Queen, but guardian of mankind;
Sure hope of all who dire oppreſſion bear,
For all th' oppreſs'd become thy inſtant care.
Nations of conqueſt proud, thou tam'ſt to free,
Denouncing war, preſenting liberty;
The victor to the vanquiſh'd yields a prize,
For in thy triumph their redemption lies;
Freedom and peace, for raviſh'd fame you give,
Invade to bleſs, and conquer to relieve.
So the ſun ſcorches, and revives by turns,
Requiting with rich metals where he burns.
Taught by this great example to be juſt,
Succeeding Kings ſhall well fulfil their truſt;
Diſcord, and war, and tyranny ſhall ceaſe,
And jarring nations be compell'd to peace;
Princes and ſtates, like ſubjects ſhall agree
To truſt her power, ſafe in her piety.

PROLOGUE

TO THE BRITISH ENCHANTERS.

POETS by obſervation find it true,
'Tis harder much to pleaſe themſelves than you;
To weave a plot, to work and to refine
A labour'd ſcene; to poliſh every line

Judgment

Judgment muſt ſweat, and feel a mother's pains:
Vain fools! thus to diſturb and rack their brains,
When more indulgent to the writer's eaſe,
You are too good to be ſo hard to pleaſe;
No ſuch convulſive pangs it will require
To write the pretty things which you admire.

Our author then, to pleaſe you, in your way,
Preſents you now a bauble of a play;
In jingling rhyme, well fortify'd and ſtrong,
He fights entrench'd o'er head and ears in ſong.
If here and there ſome evil-fated line,
Should chance through inadvertency to ſhine,
Forgive him, Beaux, he means you no offence,
But begs you for the love of ſong and dance,
To pardon all the poetry and ſenſe.

ANOTHER EPILOGUE,

DESIGNED FOR THE SAME.

WIT once, like Beauty, without art or dreſs,
Naked, and unadorn'd, could find ſucceſs,
Till by fruition, novelty deſtroy'd,
The nymph muſt find new charms to be enjoy'd.
As by his equipage the man you prize,
And ladies muſt have gems beſide their eyes:

So

So fares it too with plays; in vain we write,
Unleſs the muſic and the dance invite,
Scarce Hamlet clears the charges of the night.
Would you but fix ſome ſtandard how to move,
We would transform to any thing you love;
Judge our deſire by our coſt and pains,
Sure the expence, uncertain are the gains.
But though we fetch from Italy and France
Our fopperies of tune, and mode of dance,
Our ſturdy Britons ſcorn to borrow ſenſe:
Howe'er to foreign faſhions we ſubmit,
Still every fop prefers his mother wit.
In only wit this conſtancy is ſhown,
For never was that arrant changeling known,
Who for another's ſenſe would quit his own.
Our author would excuſe theſe youthful ſcenes,
Begotten at his entrance in his teens:
Some childiſh fancies may approve the toy,
Some like the Muſe the more for being a boy;
And ladies ſhould be pleas'd, if not content,
To find ſo young a thing, not wholly impotent.
Our ſtage-reformers too he would diſarm,
In charity ſo cold, in zeal ſo warm;
And therefore to atone for ſtage abuſes,
And gain the church-indulgence for the Muſes,
He gives his thirds—to charitable uſes.

PROLOGUE

PROLOGUE

TO MR. BEVIL HIGGON'S EXCELLENT TRAGEDY, CALLED, THE GENEROUS CONQUEROR.

YOUR comic writer is a common foe,
None can intrigue in peace, or be a beau,
Nor wanton wife, nor widow can be ſped,
Not even * Ruſſel can inter the dead,
But ſtraight this cenſor, in his whim of wit,
Strips, and preſents you naked to the Pit.
Thus critics ſhould, like theſe, be branded foes,
Who for the poiſon only, ſuck the roſe;
Snarling and carping, without wit or ſenſe;
Impeach miſtakes, o'erlooking excellence,
As if to every fop it might belong,
Like ſenators to cenſure, right or wrong.
But generous minds have more heroic views,
And Love and Honour are the themes they chooſe.
† From yon bright heaven our author fetch'd his fire,
And paints the paſſions that your eyes inſpire:
Full of that flame, his tender ſcenes he warms,
And frames his Goddeſs by your matchleſs charms.

* Ruſſel, a famous undertaker for funerals; alluding to a Comedy written by Sir Richard Steele, entitled, The Funeral.

† To the Ladies.

EPI-

EPILOGUE

TO THE JEW OF VENICE.

EACH in his turn, the Poet ‡, and the Prieſt §,
Have view'd the ſtage, but like falſe prophets gueſs'd,
The man of zeal, in his religious rage,
Would ſilence poets, and reduce the ſtage;
The poet, raſhly to get clear, retorts
On kings the ſcandal, and beſpatters courts.
Both err: for without mincing, to be plain,
The guilt's your own of every odious ſcene:
The preſent time ſtill gives the ſtage its mode,
The vices that you practiſe, we explode;
We hold the glaſs, and but reflect your ſhame,
Like Spartans, by expoſing, to reclaim.
The ſcribler, pinch'd with hunger, writes to dine,
And to your genius muſt conform his line;
Not lewd by choice, but merely to ſubmit:
Would you encourage ſenſe, ſenſe would be writ.
Good plays we try, which after the firſt day,
Unſeen we act, and to bare benches play;

‡ Mr. Dryden's Prologue to the Pilgrim.

§ Mr. Collier's View of the Stage.

Plain

Plain ſenſe, which pleas'd your ſires an age ago,
Is loſt, without the garniture of ſhow:
At vaſt expence we labour to our ruin,
And court your favour with our own undoing;
A war of profit mitigates the evil,
But to be tax'd and beaten—is the devil.
How was the ſcene forlorn, and how deſpis'd,
When Timon, without muſic, moraliz'd?
Shakeſpeare's ſublime in vain entic'd the throng,
Without the aid of Purcel's ſyren ſong.

In the ſame antique loom theſe ſcenes were wrought,
Embelliſh'd with good morals, and juſt thought;
True Nature in her nobleſt light you ſee,
Ere yet debauch'd by modern gallantry,
To trifling jeſts, and fulſome ribaldry.
What ruſt remains upon the ſhining maſs,
Antiquity muſt privilege to paſs.
'Tis Shakeſpeare's play, and if theſe ſcenes miſcarry,
Let Gormon * take the ſtage—or Lady Mary †.

* A famous prize-fighter.

† A famous rope-dancer ſo called.

PRO-

PROLOGUE

TO THE

SHE-GALLANTS;

OR,

ONCE A LOVER AND ALWAYS A LOVER.

AS quiet monarchs that on peaceful thrones,
In ſports and revels long had reign'd like drones,
Rouzing at length, reflect with guilt and ſhame,
That not one ſtroke had yet been given for fame;
Wars they denounce, and to redeem the paſt,
To bold attempts, and rugged labours haſte:
Our poet ſo, with like concern reviews
The youthful follies of a love-ſick Muſe;
To amorous toils, and to the ſilent grove,
To beauty's ſnares, and to deceitful love.
He bids farewel; his ſhield and lance prepares,
And mounts the ſtage, to bid immortal wars.
Vice, like ſome monſter, ſuff'ring none t'eſcape,
Has ſeiz'd the town, and varies ſtill her ſhape:
Here, like ſome General, ſhe ſtruts in ſtate,
While crowds in red and blue her orders wait;

There, like ſome penſive ſtateſman treads demure,
And ſmiles and hugs, to make deſtruction ſure:
Now under high commodes, with looks erect,
Barefac'd devours, in gaudy colours deck'd;
Then in a vizard, to avoid grimace,
Allows all freedom, but to ſee the face.
In pulpits and at bar ſhe wears a gown,
In camps a ſword, in palaces a crown.
Reſolv'd to combat with this motley beaſt
Our poet comes to ſtrike one ſtroke at leaſt.

His glaſs he means not for this jilt or beau,
Some features of you all he means to ſhow,
On choſen heads, nor lets the thunder fall,
But ſcatters his artillery—at all.

Yet to the Fair he fain would quarter ſhow,
His tender heart recoils at every blow;
If unawares he gives too ſmart a ſtroke,
He means but to correct, and not provoke.

O D E

ON THE

PRESENT CORRUPTION OF MANKIND.

INSCRIBED TO THE LORD FALKLAND.

I.

O FALKLAND! offspring of a generous race,
Renown'd for arms and arts, in war and peace,
My kinſman, and my friend! From whence this curſe
Entail'd on man, ſtill to grow worſe and worſe?

II.

Each age induſtrious to invent new crimes,
Strives to outdo in guilt preceding times;
But now we 're ſo improv'd in all that 's bad,
We ſhall leave nothing for our ſons to add.

III.

That idol, gold, poſſeſſes every heart,
To cheat, defraud, and undermine, is art;
Virtue is folly; conſcience is a jeſt;
Religion gain, or prieſtcraft at the beſt.

IV.

Friendſhip's a cloak to hide ſome treacherous end,
Your greateſt foe, is your profeſſing friend;
The ſoul reſign'd, unguarded, and ſecure,
The wound is deepeſt, and the ſtroke moſt ſure.

V.

Juſtice is bought and ſold; the Bench, the Bar
Plead and decide; but Gold 's th' interpreter.
Pernicious metal! thrice accurſt be he
Who found thee firſt; all evils ſpring from thee.

VI.

Sires ſell their ſons, and ſons their ſires betray:
And ſenates vote, as armies fight, for pay;
The wife no longer is reſtrain'd by ſhame,
But has the huſband's leave to play the game.

VII.

Diſeas'd, decrepit, from the mixt embrace
Succeeds, of ſpurious mold, a puny race;
From ſuch defenders what can Britain hope?
And where, O Liberty! is now thy prop?

VIII.

Not ſuch the men who bent the ſtubborn bow,
And learnt in rugged ſports to dare a foe:
Not ſuch the men who fill'd with heaps of ſlain
Fam'd Agincourt and Creſſy's bloody plain.

IX.

Haughty Britannia then, inur'd to toil,
Spread far and near the terrors of her iſle;
True to herſelf, and to the public weal,
No Gallic gold could blunt the Britiſh ſteel.

X. Not

X.

Not much unlike, when thou in arms wer't ſeen,
Eager for glory on th' embattled green,
When Stanhope led thee through the heats of Spain
To die in purple Almanara's plain.

XI.

The reſcu'd Empire, and the Gaul ſubdu'd,
In Anna's reign, our ancient fame renew'd:
What Britons could, when juſtly rous'd to war,
Let Blenheim ſpeak, and witneſs Gibraltar.

FORTUNE.

EPIGRAM.

WHEN Fortune ſeems to ſmile, 'tis then I fear
Some lurking ill, and hidden miſchief near:
Us'd to her frowns, I ſtand upon my guard,
And arm'd in virtue, keep my ſoul prepar'd.
Fickle and falſe to others ſhe may be,
I can complain, but of her conſtancy.

——*Virtutem à me,*
Fortunam ex aliis——

CHARACTER OF MR. WYCHERLEY *.

OF all our modern wits, none ſeems to me
Once to have touch'd upon true comedy,
But haſty Shadwell, and ſlow Wycherley.
Shadwell's

* This character, however juſt in other particulars, yet is injurious in one; Mr. Wycherley being repreſented as a laborious writer, which every man who has the leaſt perſonal knowledge of him can contradict.

Thoſe indeed who form their judgment only from his writings, may be apt to imagine ſo many admirable reflections, ſuch diverſity of images and characters, ſuch ſtrict enquiries into nature, ſuch cloſe obſervations on the ſeveral humours, manners, and affections of all ranks and degrees of men, and, as it were, ſo true and ſo perfect a diſſection of humankind, delivered with ſo much pointed wit and force of expreſſion, could be no other than the work of extraordinary diligence and application: whereas others, who have the happineſs to be acquainted with the author, as well as his writings, are able to affirm theſe happy performances were due to his infinite genius and natural penetration. We owe the pleaſure and advantage of having been ſo well entertained and inſtructed by him to his facility of doing it; for, if I miſtake him not extremely, had it been a trouble to him to write, he would have ſpared himſelf that trouble. What he has performed would indeed have been difficult for another; but the club which a man of ordinary

Shadwell's unfiniſh'd works do yet impart
Great proofs of Nature's force, though none of Art;

ordinary ſize could not lift, was but a walking-ſtick for Hercules.

Mr. Wycherley, in his writings, has been the ſharpeſt ſatiriſt of his time; but, in his nature, he has all the ſoftneſs of the tendereſt diſpoſitions: in his writings he is ſevere, bold, undertaking; in his nature, gentle, modeſt, inoffenſive; he makes uſe of his ſatire as a man truly brave of his courage, only upon public occaſions and for public good. He compaſſionates the wounds he is under a neceſſity to probe, or, like a good-natured conqueror, grieves at the occaſions that provoke him to make ſuch havock.

There are who object to his verſification; but a diamond is not leſs a diamond for not being poliſhed. Verſification is in poetry what colouring is in painting, a beautiful ornament; but if the proportions are juſt, the poſture true, the figure bold, and the reſemblance according to nature, though the colours ſhould happen to be rough, or careleſsly laid on, yet may the piece be of ineſtimable value; whereas the fineſt and the niceſt colouring art can invent, is but labour in vain, where the reſt is wanting. Our preſent writers indeed, for the moſt part, ſeem to lay the whole ſtreſs of their endeavours upon the harmony of words; but then, like eunuchs, they ſacrifice their manhood for a voice, and reduce our poetry to be like echo, nothing but ſound.

In Mr. Wycherley, every thing is maſculine; his Muſe is not led forth as to a review, but as to a battle; not

But Wycherley earns hard whate'er he gains,
He wants no judgment, and he ſpares no pains, &c.
Lord Rocheſter's Poems.

not adorned for parade, but execution; he would be tried by the ſharpneſs of his blade, and not by the finery; like your heroes of antiquity, he charges in iron, and ſeems to deſpiſe all ornament but intrinſic merit; and like thoſe heroes has therefore added another name to his own, and by the unanimous conſent of his cotemporaries, is diſtinguiſhed by the juſt appellation of Manly Wycherley.

LANSDOWNE.

VERSES

VERSES

WRITTEN IN A LEAF OF THE AUTHOR'S POEMS, PRESENTED TO THE QUEEN.

THE MUSE'S LAST DYING SONG.

A MUSE expiring, who, with earlieſt voice,
Made kings and queens, and beauty's charms her choice;
Now on her death-bed, this laſt homage pays,
O Queen! to thee: accept her dying lays.
So, at th' approach of death, the cygnet tries
To warble one note more—and ſinging dies.
Hail, mighty Queen! whoſe powerful ſmile alone
Commands ſubjection, and ſecures the throne:
Contending parties, and plebeian rage,
Had puzzled loyalty for half an age:
Conquering our hearts, you end the long diſpute,
All, who have eyes, confeſs you abſolute.
To Tory doctrines, even Whigs reſign,
And in your perſon own a right divine.
Thus ſang the Muſe, in her laſt moments fir'd
With Carolina's praiſe—and then expir'd.

WRITTEN

WRITTEN IN A LEAF OF THE SAME POEMS, PRESENTED TO THE PRINCESS ROYAL.

WHEN we'd exalt ſome heavenly Fair,
To ſome bright Goddeſs we compare:
Minerva, wiſdom; Juno, grace;
And Venus furniſhes the face:
In royal Anne's bright form is ſeen,
What comprehends them all—The Queen.

WRITTEN ON A WINDOW IN THE TOWER, WHERE SIR ROBERT WALPOLE HAD BEEN CONFINED.

GOOD unexpected, evil unforeſeen,
Appear by turns, as Fortune ſhifts the ſcene:
Some rais'd aloft, come tumbling down amain,
And fall ſo hard, they bound and riſe again.

PELEUS

PELEUS AND THETIS.

A MASQUE.

SET TO MUSIC.

THE ARGUMENT.

Peleus, in love with Thetis, by the aſſiſtance of Proteus obtains her favour; but Jupiter interpoſing, Peleus in deſpair conſults Prometheus, famous for his ſkill in aſtrology; upon whoſe prophecy, that the ſon born of Thetis ſhould prove greater than his father, Jupiter deſiſts. The prophecy was afterwards verified in the birth of Achilles, the ſon of Peleus.

PERSONS IN THE MASQUE.

JUPITER.	PROMETHEUS.
PELEUS.	THETIS.

The SCENE repreſents Mount Caucaſus; Prometheus appears chain'd to a rock, a vulture gnawing his breaſt. Peleus enters, addreſſing himſelf to Prometheus.

PELEUS AND THETIS.

A MASQUE.

SET TO MUSIC.

PELEUS.

CONDEMN'D on Caucaſus to lie,
Still to be dying, not to die,
With certain pain, uncertain of relief,
True emblem of a wretched lover's grief!
To whoſe inſpecting eye 'tis given
To view the planetary way,
To penetrate eternal day,
And to revolve the ſtarry heaven,
To thee, Prometheus, I complain,
And bring a heart as full of pain.

PROMETHEUS.

From Jupiter ſpring all our woes,
Thetis is Jove's, who once was thine:
'Tis vain, O Peleus, to oppoſe
Thy torturer, and mine.

Contented

Contented with deſpair,
Reſign the Fair,
Reſign, reſign,
Or wretched man, prepare
For change of torments, great as mine.

PELEUS.

In change of torment would be eaſe;
Could you divine what lovers bear,
Even you, Prometheus, would confeſs
There is no vulture like deſpair.

PROMETHEUS.

Ceaſe, cruel vulture, to devour,

PELEUS.

Ceaſe, cruel Thetis, to diſdain.

THETIS *entering*, *they repeat together*,

Ceaſe, cruel Vulture, to devour,
Ceaſe, cruel Thetis, to diſdain.

THETIS.

Peleus, unjuſtly you complain.

PROMETHEUS *and* PELEUS.

Ceaſe, cruel vulture, to devour,
Ceaſe, cruel Thetis, to diſdain.

THETIS,

Peleus, unjuſtly you complain.
The Gods, alas! no refuge find
From ills reſiſtleſs Fates ordain:
I ſtill am true—and would be kind.

PELEUS.

PELEUS.

To love and to languiſh
To ſigh and complain,
How cruel's the anguiſh!
How tormenting the pain!
Suing,
Purſuing,
Flying,
Denying,
O the curſe of diſdain,
How tormenting's the pain!
To love, &c.

THETIS.

Accurſed Jealouſy!
Thou jaundice in the lover's eye,
Through which all objects falſe we ſee,
Accurſed Jealouſy!
Thy rival, Peleus, rules the ſky,
Yet I ſo prize thy love,
With Peleus I would chooſe to die,
Rather than reign with Jove.

A Clap of Thunder; JUPITER *appears*; *deſcending upon his Eagle.*

But ſee, the mighty Thunderer's here;
Tremble Peleus, tremble, fly;
The Thunderer! the mighty Thunderer!
Tremble, Peleus, tremble, fly.

A full Chorus of Voices and Inſtruments as JUPITER *is deſcending.*

CHORUS.

But ſee, the mighty Thunderer's here;
Tremble Peleus, tremble, fly;
The Thunderer! the mighty Thunderer!
Tremble, Peleus, tremble, fly.

[JUPITER *being deſcended.*]

JUPITER.

Preſumptuous ſlave, rival to Jove,
How dar'ſt thou, mortal, thus defy
A Goddeſs with audacious love,
And irritate a God with jealouſy?
Preſumptuous mortal—hence—
Tremble at omnipotence.

PELEUS.

Arm'd with love, and Thetis by,
I fear no odds
Of men or Gods,
But Jove himſelf defy.
Jove, lay thy thunder down;
Arm'd with love, and Thetis by,
There is more terror in her frown,
And fiercer light'ning in her eye:
I fear no odds
Of men or Gods,
But Jove himſelf defy.

JUPITER.

JUPITER.

Bring me light'ning, give me thunder,
Haſte, ye Cyclops, with your forked rods,
This rebel Love braves all the gods.
Bring me light'ning, give me thunder.
[Peleus *and* Thetis, *holding faſt by one another.*
Jove may kill, but ne'er ſhall ſunder.

JUPITER.

Bring me light'ning, give me thunder.

PELEUS and THETIS.

Jove may kill, but ne'er ſhall ſunder.

THETIS to JUPITER.

Thy love ſtill arm'd with fate,
Is dreadful as thy hate:
O might it prove to me,
So gentle Peleus were but free;
O might it prove to me
As fatal as to loſt conſuming Semele!
Thy love ſtill arm'd with fate,
Is dreadful as thy hate.

PROMETHEUS to JUPITER.

Son of Saturn, take advice
From one whom thy ſevere decree
Has furniſh'd leiſure to grow wiſe:
Thou rul'ſt the Gods, but Fate rules thee.

[THE PROPHECY.]

Whoe'er th' immortal maid compreſſing,
Shall taſte joy, and reap the bleſſing,
Thus th' unerring ſtars adviſe:
From that auſpicious night an heir ſhall riſe,
Paternal glories to efface
The moſt illuſtrious of his race,
Tho' ſprang from him who rules the ſkies.

JUPITER [*Apart.*]

Shall then the ſon of Saturn be undone,
Like Saturn, by an impious ſon?
Juſtly th' impartial fates conſpire,
Dooming that ſon to be the ſire
Of ſuch another ſon
Conſcious of ills that I have done,
My fears to prudence ſhall adviſe;
And guilt that made me great, ſhall make me wiſe.
The fatal bleſſing I reſign;
Peleus, take the maid divine:
[*Giving her to* Peleus.
Jove conſenting ſhe is thine;
The fatal bleſſing I reſign. [*Joins their hands.*

PELEUS.

Heav'n had been loſt, had I been Jove.
There is no heav'n, there is no heav'n but love.

PELEUS

PELEUS and THETIS, together.

There is no heav'n but love,
No, no, no,
There is no heav'n but love.

JUPITER to PROMETHEUS.

And thou, the ſtars interpreter,
'Tis juſt I ſet thee free,
Who giv'ſt me liberty:
Ariſe, and be thy ſelf a ſtar.
'Tis juſt I ſet thee free,
Who giv'ſt me liberty.

[*The Vulture drops dead at the feet of* Prometheus, *his chains fall off, and he is borne up to Heaven with* Jupiter *to a loud flouriſh of all the inſtruments.*

[Peleus *and* Thetis *run into each others arms.*

PELEUS.

Fly, fly to my arms, to my arms,
Goddeſs of immortal charms!
To my arms, to my arms, fly, fly,
Goddeſs of tranſporting joy!
But to gaze
On thy face,
Thy gentle hand thus preſſing,
Is heav'nly, heav'nly bleſſing.

O my ſoul!
Whither, whither art thou flying?
Loſt in ſweet tumultuous dying,
Whither, whither art thou flying,
O my ſoul!

THETIS.

You tremble, Peleus—So do I—
Ah ſtay! and we'll together die.
Immortal, and of race divine,
My ſoul ſhall take its flight with thine:
Life diſſolving in delight,
Heaving breaſts, and ſwimming ſight,
Falt'ring ſpeech, and gaſping breath,
Symptoms of delicous death,
Life diſſolving in delight,
My ſoul is ready for the flight.
O my ſoul,
Whither, whither art thou flying?
Loſt in ſweet tumultuous dying,
Whither, whither art thou flying,
O my ſoul!

PELEUS *and* THETIS, *both together repeat,*

O my Soul!
Whither, whither art thou flying?
Loſt in ſweet tumultuous dying,
Whither, whither art thou flying,
O my ſoul!

CHORUS

CHORUS *of all the voices and inſtruments ſinging and dancing.*

When the ſtorm is blown over,
How bleſt is the Swain,
Who begins to diſcover
An end of his pain!
When the ſtorm, &c.

The maſk concludes with variety of dances.

THE
BRITISH ENCHANTERS:

OR,

NO MAGIC LIKE LOVE.

A

DRAMATIC POEM.

WITH

SCENES, MACHINES, MUSIC,
AND DECORATIONS.

THE

PREFACE.

OF all public ſpectacles, that which ſhould properly be called an OPERA, is calculated to give the higheſt delight. There is hardly any art but what is required to furniſh towards the entertainment; and there is ſomething or other to be provided that may touch every ſenſe, and pleaſe every palate.

The poet has a two-fold taſk upon his hands in the dramatic, and the lyric: the architect, the painter, the compoſer, the actor, the ſinger, the dancer, &c. have each of them their ſeveral employments in the preparation, and in the execution.

The ſame materials indeed, in different hands, will have different ſucceſs; all depends upon a ſkilful mixture of the various ingredients: a bad artiſt will make but a meer hodge-podge with the ſame materials that one of a good taſte ſhall prepare an excellent olio.

The ſeaſoning muſt be ſenſe; unleſs there is wherewithal to pleaſe the underſtanding, the eye and the ear will ſoon grow tired.

The

The French Opera is perfect in the decorations, the dancing, and magnificence; the Italian excels in the music and voices; but the drama falls short in both.

An English stomach requires something solid and substantial, and will rise hungry from a regale of nothing but sweet-meats.

An Opera is a kind of ambigu: the table is finely illuminated, adorned with flowers and fruits, and every thing that the season affords fragrant or delightful to the eye or the odour; but unless there is something too for the appetite, 'tis odds but the guests break up dissatisfied.

It is incumbent upon the poet alone to provide for that, in the choice of his fable, the conduct of his plot, the harmony of his numbers, the elevation of his sentiments, and the justness of his characters. In this consists the solid and the substantial.

The nature of this entertainment requires the plot to be formed upon some story in which enchanters and magicians have a principal part: in our modern heroic poems, they supply the place of the Gods with the ancients, and make a much more natural appearance by being mortals, with the difference only of being endowed with supernatural power.

The characters should be great and illustrious; the figure the actor makes upon the stage, is one part of the ornament; by consequence the sentiments must be

be ſuitable to the characters in which love and honour will have the principal ſhare.

The dialogue, which in the French and Italian is ſet to notes, and ſung, I would have pronounced; if the numbers are of themſelves harmonious, there will be no need of muſic to ſet them off; a good verſe, well pronounced, is in itſelf muſical; and ſpeech is certainly more natural for diſcourſe, than ſinging.

Can any thing be more prepoſterous than to behold Cato, Julius Cæſar, and Alexander the Great, ſtrutting upon the ſtage in the figure of ſongſters, perſonated by Eunuchs?

The ſinging, therefore, ſhould be wholly applied to the lyrical part of the entertainment, which by being freed from a tireſome, unnatural recitative, muſt certainly adminiſter more reaſonable pleaſure.

The ſeveral parts of the entertainment ſhould be ſo ſuited to relieve one another, as to be tedious in none; and the connexion ſhould be ſuch, that not one ſhould be able to ſubſiſt without the other; like embroidery, ſo fixt and wrought into the ſubſtance, that no part of the ornament could be removed, without tearing the ſtuff.

To introduce ſinging and dancing, by head and ſhoulders, no way relative to the action, does not turn a play into an opera; though that title is now promiſ-

promiſcuouſly given to every farce ſprinkled here and there with a ſong and a dance.

The richeſt lace, ridiculouſly ſet on, will make but a fool's coat.

I will not take upon me to criticiſe what has appeared of this kind on the Engliſh ſtage: we have ſeveral poems under the name of Dramatic Operas by the beſt hands; but in my opinion the ſubjects for the moſt part have been improperly choſen; Mr. Addiſon's Roſamond, and Mr. Congreve's Semele, though excellent in their kind, are rather maſques, than operas.

As I cannot help being concerned for the honour of my country, even in the minuteſt things, I am for endeavouring to out-do our neighbours in performances of all kinds.

Thus, if the ſplendor of the French opera, and the harmony of the Italian, were ſo ſkilfully interwoven with the charms of poetry, upon a regular dramatic bottom, as to inſtruct, as well as delight, to improve the mind, as well as raviſh the ſenſe, there can be no doubt but ſuch an addition would entitle our Engliſh opera to the preference of all others. The third part of the encouragement, of which we have been ſo liberal to foreigners for a conſort of muſic only, miſ-call'd an opera, would more than effect it.

In the conſtruction of the following Poem, the author has endeavoured to ſet an example to his rules; precepts

precepts are beſt explained by examples; an abler hand might have executed it better. However, it may ſerve for a model to be improved upon, when we grow weary of ſcenes of low life, and return to a taſte of more generous pleaſures.

We are reproached by foreigners with ſuch unnatural irregularities in our dramatic pieces, as are ſhocking to all other nations; even a Swiſs has played the critic upon us, without conſidering they are as little approved by the judicious in our own. A ſtranger who is ignorant of the language, and incapable of judging of the ſentiments, condemns by the eye, and concludes what he hears to be as extravagant as what he ſees: When Œdipus breaks his neck out of a balcony, and Jocaſta appears in her bed, murdering herſelf and her children, inſtead of moving terror, or compaſſion, ſuch ſpectacles only fill the ſpectator with horror: No wonder if ſtrangers are ſhocked at ſuch ſights, and conclude us a nation hardly yet civilized, that can ſeem to delight in them. To remove this reproach, it is much to be wiſhed our ſcenes were leſs bloody, and the ſword and dagger more out of faſhion. To make ſome amends for this excluſion, I would be leſs ſevere as to the rigour of ſome other laws enacted by the maſters, though it is always adviſeable to keep as cloſe to them as poſſible; but reformations are not to be brought about all at once.

It may happen that the nature of certain ſubjects proper for moving the paſſions, may require a little more latitude, and then, without offence to the critics, ſure there may be room for a ſaving in equity from the ſeverity of the common law of Parnaſſus, as well as of the King's Bench. To ſacrifice a principal beauty, upon which the ſucceſs of the whole may depend, is being too ſtrictly tied down; in ſuch a caſe, *ſummum jus* may be *ſumma injuria*.

Corneille himſelf complains of finding his genius often cramped by his own rules: "There is infinite "difference (ſays he) between ſpeculation and "practice: Let the ſevereſt critic make the trial, "he will be convinced by his own experience, that "upon certain occaſions too ſtrict an adherence to "the letter of the law, ſhall exclude a bright op- "portunity of ſhining, or touching the paſſions. "Where the breach is of little moment, or can be "contrived to be as it were, imperceptible in the re- "preſentation, a gentle diſpenſation might be al- "lowed." To thoſe little freedoms he attributes the ſucceſs of his Cid: But the rigid legiſlators of the Academy handled him ſo roughly for it, that he never durſt make the venture again, nor none who have followed him. Thus pinioned, the French Muſe muſt always flutter, like a bird with the wings cut, incapable of a lofty flight.

The dialogue of their tragedies is under the ſame conſtraint as the conſtruction; not a diſcourſe, but an

an oration; not ſpeaking, but declaiming; not free, natural, and eaſy, as converſation ſhould be, but preciſe, ſet, formal argumenting, *pro* and *con*, like diſputants in a ſchool. In writing, like dreſs, is it not poſſible to be too exact, too ſtarched, and too formal? Pleaſing negligence I have ſeen: Who ever ſaw pleaſing formality?

In a word, all extremes are to be avoided. To be a French puritan in the drama, or an Engliſh latitudinarian, is taking different paths to be both out of the road. If the Britiſh Muſe is too unruly, the French is too tame; one wants a curb, the other a ſpur.

By pleading for ſome little relaxation from the utmoſt ſeverity of the rules, where the ſubject may ſeem to require it, I am not beſpeaking any ſuch indulgence for the preſent performance: Though the ancients have left us no pattern to follow of this ſpecies of tragedy, I perceive, upon examination, that I have been attentive to their ſtricteſt leſſons.

The unities are religiouſly obſerved: The place is the ſame, varied only into different proſpects by the power of enchantment: All the incidents fall naturally within the very time of repreſentation: The plot is one principal action, and of that kind which introduces variety of turns and changes, all tending to the ſame point: The ornaments and decorations are of a piece with it, ſo that one could

not well ſubſiſt without the other: Every act concludes with ſome unexpected revolution: And in the end, vice is puniſhed, virtue rewarded, and the moral is inſtructive.

Rhyme, which I would by no means admit into the dialogue of graver tragedy, ſeems to me the moſt proper ſtyle for repreſentations of this heroic romantic kind, and beſt adapted to accompany muſic. The ſolemn language of a haughty tyrant will by no means become a paſſionate lover, and tender ſentiments require the ſofteſt colouring.

The theme muſt govern the ſtyle; every thought, every character, every ſubject of a different nature, muſt ſpeak a different language. An humble lover's gentle addreſs to his miſtreſs would rumble ſtrangely in the Miltonic dialect; and the ſoft harmony of Mr. Waller's numbers would as ill become the mouths of Lucifer and Beelzebub. The terrible, and the tender, muſt be ſet to different notes of muſic.

To conclude. This dramatic attempt was the firſt eſſay of a very infant Muſe, rather as a taſk at ſuch hours as were free from other exerciſes, than any way meant for public entertainment: But Mr. Betterton having had a caſual ſight of it many years after it was written, begged it for the ſtage, where it found ſo favourable a reception, as to have an uninterrupted run of at leaſt forty days. The ſepa-

ration

ration of the principal actors which soon followed; and the introduction of the Italian Opera, put a stop to its farther appearance.

Had it been composed at a riper time of life, the faults might have been fewer: However, upon revising it now, at so great a distance of time, with a cooler judgment than the first conceptions of youth will allow, I cannot absolutely say, *scripsisse pudet.*

PERSONS NAMES.

MEN.

CELIUS, *a Britiſh King, Father to* ORIANA.

CONSTANTIUS, *a Roman Emperor, deſigned for Marriage with* ORIANA.

AMADIS *of* GAUL, *a famous Knight Adventurer, in Love with* ORIANA.

FLORESTAN, *his Companion, in Love with* CORISANDA.

ARCALAUS, *a wicked Enchanter, Enemy to* AMADIS.

LUCIUS, *a Roman of the Emperor's Train.*

WOMEN.

ORIANA, *in Love with* AMADIS, *but given in Marriage to* CONSTANTIUS.

CORISANDA, *betrothed to* FLORESTAN.

URGANDA, *a good Enchantreſs, Friend to* AMADIS.

ARCABON, *Siſter to* ARCALAUS.

DELIA, *an Attendant to* URGANDA.

Troops of Magicians attending the ſeveral Enchanters. Knights and Ladies, Captives. Men and Women attending the Britiſh Court. Prieſts, or Druids. Romans *attending* Conſtantius. *Singers, Dancers, &c.*

SCENE *the King's Palace, and Parts adjacent, inhabited by the different Enchanters.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Curtain rises to a symphony of all sorts of instruments of music. The Scene represents an enchanted grove, adorned and beautified with fountains, statues, &c.

URGANDA *and* DELIA *performing some solemn ceremony of Enchantment.*

A full stage of singers and dancers.

URGANDA AND DELIA.

URGANDA.

SOUND, sound, ye winds, the rended clouds divide,
Fright back the priest, and save a trembling bride,
Assist an injur'd lover's faithful love:
An injur'd lover's cause is worthy Jove.

DELIA.

Successful is our charm: the temple shakes,
The altar nods, th' astonish'd priest forsakes
The hallow'd shrine, starts from the bridegroom's side,
Breaks off the rites, and leaves the knot unty'd.

URGANDA.

Ye ſweet muſicians of the ſky,
Hither, hither, hither, fly, fly,
And with enchanting notes all magic elſe ſupply.

[URGANDA *and* DELIA *retire down the ſcene, waving their enchanted rods, as continuing the ceremony.*

Full Chorus of inſtruments and voices.

Sound the trumpet, touch the lute,
Strike the lyre, inſpire the flute;
In harmony,
Celeſtial harmony,
All magic charms are found;
Sound the trumpet, ſound.

[*Here the ſtatues leap from their pedeſtals, and form variety of dances.*

Chorus of Singers after the dance.

Muſic ſo charms, and does ſo ſweetly wound,
That ev'ry ſenſe is raviſh'd with the ſound.

A ſingle Voice.

When nymphs are coy,
And fly from joy,
The ſhepherd takes his reed;
He plays a tune,
She ſtops as ſoon,
And ſtraight they are agreed.

The

The battle near,
When cowards fear,
The drum and trumpet ſounds;
Their courage warms,
They ruſh to arms,
And brave a thouſand wounds.

CHORUS.

By harmony our ſouls are ſway'd;
By harmony the world was made.

A ſecond dance.

Singers again advance.

A ſingle Voice.

When with adoring looks we gaze
On bright Oriana's heavenly face,
In ev'ry glance, and ev'ry grace,
What is it that we ſee.
But harmony,
Celeſtial harmony!
Our raviſh'd hearts leap up to meet
The muſic of her eyes,
The muſic of her eyes,
And dance around her feet.

Full Chorus of voices and inſtruments, as at firſt.

Sound the trumpet, touch the lute.
Strike the lyre, inſpire the flute;
In harmony,
Celeſtial harmony,

All

All magic charms are found;
Sound the trumpet, ſound.

A third dance.

URGANDA *and* DELIA *come forward.*

URGANDA.

This care for Amadis, ye gods, approve,
For what's a ſoldier's recompence but love?
When forc'd from Britain, call'd to diſtant war,
His vanquiſh'd heart remain'd a captive here;
Oriana's eyes that glorious conqueſt made,
Nor was his love ungratefully repaid.

DELIA.

By Arcabon, like hoſtile Juno, croſt,
And like Æneas driv'n from coaſt to coaſt,
The wand'ring hero wou'd return too late,
Charg'd by Oriana with the crimes of fate;
Who anxious of neglect, ſuſpecting change,
Conſults her pride, and meditates revenge.

URGANDA.

Juſt in the moment, when reſentment fires,
A charming rival tempts, a rugged king requires:
Love yields at laſt, thus combated by pride,
And ſhe ſubmits to be the Roman's bride.

DELIA.

Did not your art with timely charms provide,
Oriana were his wife, and not his bride.

URGA-

URGANDA.

In ancient times, ere chivalry was known
The infant world with monſters overgrown,
Centaurs and giants, nurſt with human blood,
And dire magicians, an infernal brood,
Vex'd men and gods: but moſt the fair complain
Of violated loves, and lovers ſlain.
To ſhelter innocence, and injur'd right,
The nations all elect ſome patron-knight,
Sworn to be true to love, and ſlaves to fame,
And many a valiant chief enrolls his name;
By ſhining marks diſtinguiſh'd they appear,
And various orders various enſigns wear.
Bound by ſtrict oaths, to ſerve the brighteſt eyes,
Not more they ſtrive for glory, than the prize;
While to invite the toil, the faireſt dame
Of Britain is the boldeſt champion's claim.

DELIA.

Of all who in this race of fame delight,
Brave Amadis is own'd the hardy'ſt knight.
Nor Theſeus, nor Alcides, ventur'd more,
Nor he ſo fam'd, who, bath'd in monſter's gore,
Upon his creſted helm the trampled dragon bore.

URGANDA.

Ardan, that black enchanter, whoſe dire arts
Enſlav'd our knights, and broke our virgins hearts,
Met ſpear to ſpear, his great delivering hand
Slew the deſtroyer, and redeem'd the land;
Far from thy breaſt all care and grief remove,
Oriana's thine, by conqueſt as by love.

DE-

DELIA.

But haughty Arcabon, of Ardan's blood,
And Arcalaus, foes alike to good,
Gluttons in murder, wanton to deſtroy,
Their fatal arts as impiouſly employ:
Heirs to their brother's miſchiefs, and ſworn foes
To Amadis, their magic they oppoſe
Againſt his love and life.

UGANDA.

——————With equal care,
Their vengeance to prevent, we thus prepare,
Behold the time, when tender love ſhall be
Nor vext with doubt, nor preſt with tyranny.
The love-ſick hero ſhall from camps remove,
To reap reward: the hero's pay is love.
The taſks of glory painful are, and hard,
But ah! how bleſt, how ſweet is the reward!

As ſhe retires, Chorus of all the voices and inſtruments repeat.

Sound the trumpet, touch the lute,
Strike the lyre, inſpire the flute;
In harmony,
Celeſtial harmony,
All magic charms are found;
Sound the trumpet, ſound.

SCENE.

SCENE II.

The SCENE *changes to the Inside of a magnificent Temple. King* CELIUS, *and the British Court. Men and Women magnificently dressed in painted Habits, after the ancient Manner. The Priests and Druids in their Solemnities, seeming in Confusion, replacing their Idols, and setting their Altars in Order. Thunder and Lightening. In the mean Time* CONSTANTIUS, ORIANA, *and* CORISANDA *come forward.*

CONSTANTIUS.

LOVERS consult not stars, nor search the skies,
But seek their sentence in their charmer's eyes.
Careless of thunder from the clouds that break,
My only omens from your looks I take;
When my Oriana smiles, from thence I date
My future hope; and when she frowns, my fate.

ORIANA.

Cease, Prince, the anger of the Gods to move,
'Tis now become a crime to mention love.
Our holy men interpreting the voice
Of Heaven in wrath, forewarn th' ill-omen'd choice.

CONSTANTIUS.

Strange rules for constancy your priests devise,
If love and hate must vary with your skies,

From

From such vile servitude set reason free;
The Gods in every circumstance agree
To suit our union, pointing out to me;
In this right hand the sceptre that they place,
For me to guide, was meant for you to grace.
Thou best and fairest of the beauteous kind,
Accept that empire which the Gods design'd,
And be the charming mistress of mankind.

CORISANDA.

Nuptials of form, of interest, or of state,
Those seeds of pride, are fruitful in debate;
Let happy men for generous love declare,
And choose the gentle virgin, chaste, and fair:
Let women to superior fortune born,
For naked virtue, all temptations scorn;
The charm 's immortal to a gallant mind,
If gratitude cement whom love has join'd.
And Providence, not niggardly, but wise,
Here lavishly bestows, and there denies,
That by each other's virtue we may rise.
Weak the bare tie of Man and Wife we find,
But Friend and Benefactor always bind.

The KING *advances, followed by Priests and Train.*

KING.

Our Priests recover: 'Twas a holy cheat;
Lead back the bride, the ceremonies wait.

ORIANA.

ORIANA.

What Heaven forbids———

KING.

———'Twas ignorance of my will,
Our Prieſts are better taught: What now is ill,
Shall, when I pleaſe, be good; and none ſhall dare
Preach or expound, but what their King would hear.

[*Prieſts bow profoundly low.*

Ere they interpret, let 'em mark my nod,
My voice their thunder, this right arm their God.

[*Looking ſternly at 'em, they bow again as before.*

Prince take your bride,

ORIANA.

'Twere impious now to ſuffer him my hand.

[*Refuſing her hand.*

KING.

How dar'ſt thou diſobey, when I command?
Mind, mind her not, nor be diſturb'd at tears,
A counterfeited qualm of bridal fears:
You 'd ſee, could you her inward motions watch,
Feigning delay, ſhe wiſhes for diſpatch;
Into a woman's meaning would you look,
Then read her backward, like a wizard's book.
Prieſts, to your charge—back to your office go.

[*Spoken with a ſtern, imperious air. Prieſts retire, obſequiouſly bowing, as before.*

ORIANA.

ORIANA.

Th' obedience that is due, and which I owe,
Dread Sir, ſhall ever be obſerv'd by me;
It is not to diſpute your high decree
That thus I kneel, but humbly to implore
One moment's ſhort ſuſpence; I own your power,
And I ſubmit. Grant but this ſmall delay,
And as the Prince decides, Oriana ſhall obey.

CONSTANTIUS.

I have no will but what your eyes ordain,
Deſtin'd to love, as they are doom'd to reign.

KING. [*Aſide.*]

Into what hands, ye Gods! have ye reſign'd
Your world? Are theſe the maſters of mankind?
Theſe ſupple Romans teach our women ſcorn;
I thank ye, Gods, that I 'm a Briton born.
[*To them.*] Agree theſe trifles in a ſhort debate;
No more delays, I am not us'd to wait.

[*King* CELIUS *retires back into the Temple.*

ORIANA, CONSTANTIUS, *and* CORISANDA, *after a ſhort Pauſe.*

ORIANA.

Your ſtars and mine have choſen you, to prove
The nobleſt way how generous men ſhould love;
All boaſt their flames, but yet no woman found
A paſſion, where ſelf-love was not the ground.

Slaves

Slaves we are made, by falſe pretences caught,
The Briton in my ſoul diſdains the thought.

CONSTANTIUS.

So much, ſo tenderly your ſlave adores,
He has no thought of happineſs, but yours.

ORIANA.

Vows may be feign'd, nor ſhall mere words prevail,
I muſt have proofs, but proofs that cannot fail.
By arms, by honour, and by all that 's dear
To heroes, or expecting lovers, ſwear.

CONSTANTIUS.

Needs there an oath? and can Oriana ſay,
Thus I command, and doubt if I 'll obey?

ORIANA.

Prepare then, Prince, to hear a ſecret told,
Which ſhame would ſhun, and bluſhing I unfold,
But dangers preſſing, cowards will grow bold:
Know—then—I love.

CONSTANTIUS. [*Eagerly.*]

Can you command deſpair, yet love confeſs?
And curſe with the ſame breath with which you bleſs?

ORIANA. [*Diſdainfully putting him off.*]

Miſtake me not—that I do love, is true,
But flatter not yourſelf, it is not you.

CONSTANTIUS. [*Starting.*]

Forbid it, Gods! recall the fatal breath
Which ſpoke that word, the ſound is inſtant death.

ORIANA.

Too late to be recall'd, or to deny,
I own the fatal truth—if one muſt die,
You are the judge; ſay, is it you—or I?

A Meſſenger from the Temple.

MESSENGER.

The King is much diſpleas'd at this delay.

CONSTANTIUS *walking about in a Paſſion.*

CONSTANTIUS.

And let him wait, while 'tis my will to ſtay.

ORIANA.

Bear back a gentler anſwer: we'll obey.

[*Exit Meſſenger.*

CONSTANTIUS.

Hence every ſound that's either ſoft, or kind;
O for a war like that within my mind!
Say, flatterer, ſay, ah! fair deluder, ſpeak,
Anſwer me this, ere yet my heart ſhall break;
Since thus engag'd, you never could intend
Your love, why was I flatter'd with your hand?

ORIANA.

ORIANA.

To what a Father and a King thinks fit,
A Daughter and a Subject muſt ſubmit.
Think not from tyranny that love can grow;
I am a ſlave, and you have made me ſo.
Thoſe chains which duty hath put on, remove;
Slaves may obey, but they can never love.

CONSTANTIUS.

Cruel Oriana, much you wrong my flame,
To think that I could lay ſo harſh a claim.
Love is a ſubject to himſelf alone,
And knows no other empire but his own;
No ties can bind, which from conſtraint ariſe,
Where either 's forc'd, all obligation dies.
O fatal law! requiring to reſign
The object lov'd; or hated, keep her mine.

ORIANA. [*Soothingly.*]

Accuſe me not of hate; with equal eyes
I judge your merit, and your virtue prize:
Friendſhip, eſteem, be yours; bereft before
Of all my love, what can I offer more?
Your rival's image in your worth I view,
And what I lov'd in him, eſteem in you;
Had your complaint been firſt, it might have mov'd;
He then had been eſteem'd, and you belov'd:
Then blame me not, ſince what decides your fate,
Is that you pleaded laſt, and came too late.

CORISANDA.

Hard fate of merit! Fortune holds the ſcale,
And ſtill throws in the weight that muſt prevail!
Your rival is not of more charms poſſeſt,
A grain of better luck has made him bleſt.

CONSTANTIUS. [*Aſide.*]

To love, and have the power to poſſeſs,
And yet reſign, can Nature yield to this:
Shall Nature, erring from her firſt command,
Self-preſervation, fall by her own hand?
By her own act, the ſprings of life deſtroy,
The principles, and being of her joy?
Tormenting thought! Can Nature then approve
Bleſſings obtain'd, by curſing thoſe we love.
Poſſeſſing, ſhe is loſt—renouncing—I—
Where's then the doubt?—Die, die, Conſtantius, die.
Honour, and Love, ye tyrants, I obey,
Where-e'er your cruel call directs my way;
To ſhame, to chains, or to a certain grave,
Lead on, unpitying guides—behold your ſlave.

ORIANA.

Though love be wanting to relieve your care,
Glory may make amends, with fame in war;
Honour's the nobleſt chace, purſue that game,
And recompenſe the loſs of love with fame;
If ſtill againſt ſuch aids your love prevails,
Yet abſence is a cure that ſeldom fails.

CON-

CONSTANTIUS.

Tyrannic Honour! what amends canſt thou
E'er make my heart, by flattering my brow?
Vain race of fame, unleſs the conqueſt prove
In ſearch of beauty, to conclude in love.
Frail hope of aids! for time or chance to give,
That love, which, ſpite of cruelty, can live!
From your diſdain, ſince no relief I find,
I muſt love abſent, whom I love unkind;
Though ſeas divide us, and though mountains part,
That fatal form will ever haunt my heart.
O dire reverſe of hope, which I endure,
From ſure poſſeſſion, to deſpair as ſure!
Farewel, Oriana—yet, ere I remove,
Can you refuſe one tear to bleeding love?
Ah! no, take heed—turn, turn thoſe eyes away,
The charm 's ſo ſtrong, I ſhall for ever ſtay.
Princeſs, rejoice—for your next news ſhall be,
Conſtantius dies—to ſet Oriana free.

[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

The SCENE, *a thick wooded Foreſt, the Trees loaded with military Enſigns and Trophies. A rich Pavilion makes the Point of View at the further End.*

ARCALAUS *and* ARCABON.

ARCALAUS.

ENCHANTRESS, ſay—whence ſuch replies as theſe?
Thou anſwer'ſt Love, I ſpeak of Amadis.

ARCABON.

Swiftly he paſs'd, and, as in ſport purſu'd
The ſavage herd, and ſcower'd through the wood;
Tigers and wolves in vain his ſtroke withſtand,
Cut down, like poppies, by the reaper's hand;
Like Mars he look'd, as terrible and ſtrong;
Like Jove, majeſtic; like Apollo, young;
With all their attributes divinely grac'd,
And ſure their thunder in his arm was plac'd.

ARCALAUS.

Who pafs'd? Who look'd?

ARCABON.

——————Ah! there 's the fatal wound,
Which tears my heart-ftrings—but he fhall be found;
Yes, ye Infernals, if there 's power in art,
Thefe arms fhall hold him, as he grafps my heart.
Shall I, who can draw down the moon, and keep
The ftars confin'd, enchant the boift'rous deep?
Bid Boreas halt, make hills and foreft move,
Shall I——

ARCALAUS.

——Be made a whining fool to love?
Suſpend theſe follies, and let rage furmount,
A brother's death requires a ſtrict account;
To-day, to-day, perhaps this very hour,
This moment, now, the murth'rer 's in our pow'r.
Leave love in cottages and cells to reign,
With nymphs obſcure, and with the lowly ſwain;
Who waſte their days and ſtrength in ſuch ſhort joys,
Are fools, who barter life and fame for toys.

ARCABON.

They 're fools who preach we waſte our days and ſtrength,
What is a life, whoſe only charm is length;
Give me a life that 's ſhort, and wing'd with joy,
A life of love, whoſe minutes never cloy:

What

What is an age in dull renown drudg'd o'er?
One little ſingle hour of love is more.

An Attendant enters haſtily, and whiſpers Arcalaus.

ARCALAUS.

See it perform'd—and thou ſhalt be,
Black miniſter of hell—a God to me.

[*Attendant flies away through the Air.*

He comes, he comes, juſt ready to be caught,
Here Ardan fell, here, on this fatal ſpot
Our brother dy'd; here flow'd that precious gore,
The purple flood, which cries aloud for more:
Think on that image, ſee him on the ground,
His life and fame both bury'd in one wound:
Think on the murtherer, with inſulting pride
Tearing the weapon from his bleeding ſide:
Oh think——

ARCABON.

What need theſe bloody images to move?
Revenge I will; and would ſecure my love:
Why ſhould I of a frailty ſhameful be,
From which no mortal yet was ever free?
Not fierce Medea, miſtreſs of our art,
Nor Circe, nor Calypſo 'ſcap'd the ſmart.
If hell has power, both paſſions I will pleaſe,
My vengeance and my love ſhall both have eaſe.
Lead on, magician, make revenge ſecure,
My hand's as ready, and ſhall ſtrike as ſure.

[*They go off.*

ORIANA.

ORIANA *and* CORISANDA *entering from the lower Part of the Scene.*

ORIANA.

Thrice happy they, who thus in ſilent groves,
From courts retir'd, poſſeſs their peaceful loves.
Of royal maids, how wretched is the fate,
Born only to be victims of the ſtate;
Our hopes, our wiſhes, all our paſſions ty'd
For public uſe; the ſlaves of others pride.
Here let us wait th' event, on which alone
Depends my peace, I tremble till 'tis known.

CORISANDA.

So generous this Emperor's love does ſeem,
'Twould juſtify a change, to change for him.

ORIANA.

Alas! thou know'ſt not men, their oaths, and arts
Of feigning truth, with treaſon in their hearts.
Who now's ador'd, may the next hour diſpleaſe,
At firſt their cure, and after, their diſeaſe.

[*Flouriſh of Muſic as in the Foreſt.*

CORISANDA.

Oft we have heard ſuch airy ſounds as theſe
Salute us as we paſs.

Enter

Enter ſeveral of Arcalaus' *Magicians ſinging and dancing, repreſenting Shepherds, Shepherdeſſes, and Païſans.*

A Shepherd, ſinging.

Follow ye nymphs and ſhepherds all,
Come celebrate the feſtival,
And merrily ſing, and ſport, and play,
For 'tis Oriana's nuptial day.

[*A Dance of Shepherds and Shepherdeſſes. Then a Shepherdeſs addreſſing to* Oriana, *ſings.*]

Queen of Britain, and of love,
Be happy as the bleſt above;
Graces numberleſs attend thee,
The Gods as many bleſſings ſend thee:
Be happy as the bleſt above,
Queen of Britain, and of love.

A rural Dance of Païſans.

[*Exeunt dancing.*

ORIANA.

Prepoſterous nuptials! that fill every breaſt
With joy, but only hers who ſhould be bleſt.

CORISANDA.

Sure ſome magician keeps his revels here:
Princeſs retire, there may be danger near.

[*Flouriſh of ſoft Muſic at a Diſtance.*

ORIANA.

ORIANA.

What danger in such gentle notes can be?
Thou friend to love, thrice powerful harmony,
I'll follow thee, play on———
Music's the balm of love, it charms despair,
Suspends the smart, and softens every care.
[*Exeunt down the Scene, following the Music.*

Arcalaus *enters, with an Attendant, observing them as they walk down into the Forest.*

ARCALAUS.

Finish the rest, and then be free as air:
My eyes ne'er yet beheld a form so fair.
Happy beyond my wish, I go to prove
At once, the joys of sweet revenge and love.
[*Walks down the Scene after them.*

Enter AMADIS *and* FLORESTAN.

AMADIS.

Mistake me not—no—Amadis shall die,
If she is pleas'd, but not disturb her joy;
Nice honour still engages to requite
False mistresses, and friends, with slight for slight:
But if, like mine, the stubborn heart retain
A wilful tenderness, the brave must feign,
In private grief, but with a careless scorn
In public, seem to triumph, not to mourn.

FLO-

FLORESTAN.

Hard is the task, in love or grief to feign;
When passion is sincere, it will complain:
Doubts which from rumour rise, you should suspend
From evil tongues what virtue can defend?
In love, who injures by a rash distrust,
Is the aggressor, and the first unjust.

AMADIS.

If she is true, why all this nuptial noise,
Still echoing as we pass her guilty joys?
Who to a woman trusts his peace of mind,
Trusts a frail bark, with a tempestuous wind.
Thus to Ulysses, on the Stygian coast
His fate enquiring, spake Atrides' ghost;
Of all the plagues with which the world is curst,
Of every ill, a woman is the worst;
Trust not a woman.—Well might he advise,
Who perish'd by his wife's adulteries.

FLORESTAN.

Thus in despair, what most we love, we wrong,
Not Heaven escapes the impious Atheist's tongue.

AMADIS.

Enticing crocodiles, whose tears are death,
Syrens, who murder with enchanting breath:
Like Egypt's temples, dazzling to the sight,
Pompously deck'd, all gaudy, gay, and bright;

With

With glittering gold, and ſparkling gems they ſhine,
But apes and monkies are the Gods within.

FLORESTAN.

My love attends with pain, while you purſue
This angry theme;—I have a miſtreſs too:
The faultleſs form no ſecret ſtains diſgrace,
A beauteous mind unblemiſh'd as her face;
Not painted and adorn'd to varniſh ſin,
Without all angel, all divine within;
By truth maintaining what by love ſhe got;
A heaven without a cloud, a ſun without a ſpot.

AMADIS. [*Embracing him.*]

Forgive the viſions of my frantic brain,
Far from the man I love be all ſuch pain:
By the immortal Gods I ſwear, my friend,
The Fates to me no greater joy could ſend,
Than that your labours meet a proſperous end.
After ſo many glorious toils, that you
Have found a miſtreſs beautiful and true.

ORIANA *and* CORISANDA. [*Without.*]

Help, help, oh! Heavens, help———

AMADIS.

————————What cries are theſe?

FLORESTAN.

It ſeem'd the call of Beauty in diſtreſs.

Of

Of savage beasts and men, a monstrous brood
Possess this land———

ORIANA *and* CORISANDA.

————Help, help——

AMADIS.

————Again the cry's renew'd.
Draw both our swords, and fly with speed to save;
Th' oppress'd have a sure refuge in the brave.
[*Exeunt, drawing their swords.*

Oriana *and* Corisanda *cross the Stage, pursued by a Party of* Arcalaus' *Magicians.*

ORIANA *and* CORISANDA.

Help, help——

PARTY.

Pursue, pursue——

[Floreſtan *crosses the Stage, following the Pursuit.* Arcalaus *fighting and retreating before* Amadis.]

ARCALAUS.

Thou run'ſt upon thy fate: Mortal forbear,
A more than mortal rules the regions here.

AMADIS.

Think not my ſword ſhall give the leaſt reprieve,
'Twere cruelty to let ſuch monſters live.

[Floreſtan

[Floreſtan *re-enters retreating before another Party, is ſeized, diſarmed, and carried off.*]

ARCALAUS.

Yet pauſe, and be adviſ'd; avoid thy fate;
Without thy life, my vengeance is complete:
Behold thy friend borne to eternal chains,
Remember Ardan now, and count thy gains.

AMADIS.

Like Ardan's be thy fate, unpitied fall:
Thus I'll at once revenge, and free them all.

[*Fight*, Arcalaus *ſtill retreating. A ſudden Sound of Inſtruments expreſſing Terror and Horror, with Thunder at the ſame Time. Monſters and Dæmons riſe from under the Stage, while others fly down from above, croſſing to and fro in Confuſion, during which the Stage is darkened. On a ſudden a Flouriſh of contrary Muſic ſucceeds; the Sky clears, and the whole Scene changes to a delightful Vale,* Amadis *appearing leaning on his Sword, ſurrounded by Shepherds and Shepherdeſſes, who with Songs, Muſic and Dances, perform the following Enchantment.*]

To be ſung in full Chorus.

Love, creator Love, appear,
Attend and hear;
Appear, appear, appear.

A ſingle

A ſingle Voice.

Love, creator Love,
Parent of heaven and earth,
Delight of Gods above;
To thee all Nature owes her birth;
Love, creator Love.

Another ſingle Voice.

All that in ambient air does move,
Or teems on fertile fields below,
Or ſparkles in the ſkies above,
Or does in rolling waters flow,
Spring from the ſeeds which thou doſt ſow,
Love, creator Love.

CHORUS.

Better in love a ſlave to be,
Than with the wideſt empire free.

DANCE.

ODE TO DISCORD.

A ſingle Voice.

WHEN Love's away then Diſcord reigns,
The furies he unchains,
Bids Æolus unbind
The northern wind,

That fetter'd lay in caves,
And root up trees, and plough the plains:
Old Ocean frets and raves,
From their deep roots the rocks he tears,
Whole deluges lets fly,
That daſh againſt the ſky,
And ſeem to drown the ſtars;
Th' aſſaulted clouds return the ſhock,
Blue light'nings ſinge the waves,
And thunder rends the rock.

Then Jove uſurps his father's crown,
Inſtructing mortals to aſpire;
The father would deſtroy the ſon,
The ſon dethrones the ſire.
The Titans, to regain their right,
Prepare to try a ſecond fight,
Briareus arms his hundred hands,
And marches forth the bold gigantic bands.

Pelion upon Oſſa thrown,
Steep Olympus they invade,
Gods and giants tumble down,
And Mars is foil'd by Encelade.

Horror,

Horror, confuſion, dreadful ire,
Daggers, poiſon, ſword and fire,
To execute the deſtin'd wrath conſpire.
The furies looſe their ſnaky rods,
And laſh both men and Gods.

Chorus *repeat the laſt Stanza.*

Then Symphony *for* Love.

A ſingle Voice.

But when Love bids Diſcord ceaſe,
The jarring ſeeds unite in peace;
O the pleaſures paſt expreſſing!
O the rapture of poſſeſſing!
Melting, dying, heavenly bleſſing,
O the rapture of poſſeſſing!
Hail to Love, and welcome joy!
Hail to the delicious boy!

In Cyprus firſt the God was known,
Then wandering, wandering o'er the main,
He in Britannia fix'd his reign,
And in Oriana's eyes his throne.

A full Chorus.

Hail to Love, and welcome joy!
Hail to the delicious boy!
See the Sun from Love returning,
Love's the flame in which he's burning.

Hail to Love, the ſofteſt pleaſure;
Love and Beauty reign for ever.

DANCE.

[*Then to be ſung by a Shepherdeſs addreſſing herſelf to* Amadis.]

Now mortal prepare,
For thy fate is at hand;
Now mortal prepare,
And ſurrender.

For Love ſhall ariſe,
Whom no power can withſtand,
Who rules from the ſkies
To the centre.

Now mortal prepare,
For thy fate is at hand;
Now mortal prepare,
And ſurrender.

CHORUS *repeat*,
Now mortal prepare, &c.

[*During the Chorus,* Oriana *appears riſing from under the Stage, repoſed upon a Machine repreſenting a Bed of Flowers. The Chorus ended, ſhe riſes, and comes forward.*]

ORIANA.

ORIANA.

In what enchanted regions am I loſt?
Am I alive? Or wander here a ghoſt?
Art thou too dead?—

[*Starting at the ſight of* Amadis.

AMADIS.

Where-e'er you are, the realms of bliſs muſt be;
I ſee my Goddeſs, and 'tis heaven to ſee.

[*Throwing away his ſword, is ſeized and bound.*
Stand off, and give me way——

ORIANA.

————No, keep him there,
Th' ungrateful traitor, let him not come near:
Convey the wretch where Siſyphus atones
For crimes enormous, and where Tityus groans,
With robbers, and with murth'rers let him prove
Immortal pains—for he has murder'd love.

AMADIS.

Have I done this?——

ORIANA.

————Baſe and perfidious man!
Let me be heard, and anſwer if you can.
Was it your love, when trembling by your ſide
I wept, and I implor'd, and almoſt dy'd,
Urging your ſtay: Was it your love that bore
Your faithleſs veſſel from the Britiſh ſhore?

What ſaid I not, upon the fatal night,
When you avow'd your meditated flight?
Was it your love that prompted you to part,
To leave me dying, and to break my heart?
See whom you fled, inhuman and ingrate,
Repent your folly—but repent too late.

AMADIS.

Miſtaken Princeſs; by the ſtars above,
The powers below, and by immortal Jove
Unwilling and compell'd———

ORIANA.

Unwilling and compell'd! vain, vain pretence
For baſe neglect, and cold indifference
Was it your love, when by thoſe ſtars above,
Thoſe powers below, and that immortal Jove,
You vow'd, before the firſt revolving moon,
You would return?—Did you return?—The ſun
Thrice round the circled globe was ſeen to move,
You neither came, nor ſent—was this your love?

AMADIS.

Thrice has that ſun beheld me on your coaſt,
By tempeſts beaten, and in ſhipwrecks loſt.

ORIANA.

And yet you choſe thoſe perils of the ſea,
Of rocks, and ſtorms—or any thing—but me.
The raging ocean, and the winter wind,
Touch'd at my paſſion, with my wiſhes join'd,

No

No image, but of certain fate, appear'd,
Leſs I your abſence, than your danger, fear'd;
In vain they threaten'd, and I ſued in vain,
More deaf than ſtorms, more cruel than the main;
No prayer, nor gentle meſſage could prevail
To wait a calmer ſky, or ſofter gale;
You brav'd the danger, and deſpis'd the love,
Nor death could terrify, nor paſſion move.

AMADIS.

Of our paſt lives, the pleaſure, and the pain,
Fix'd in my ſoul, for ever ſhall remain;
Recall more gently my unhappy ſtate,
And charge my crime, not on my choice, but fate:
In mortal breaſt, ſure, honour never wag'd
So dire a war, nor love more fiercely rag'd:
You ſaw my torment, and you knew my heart,
'Twas infamy to ſtay, 'twas death to part.

ORIANA.

In vain you'd cover, with the thirſt of fame,
And honour's call, an odious traitor's name:
Could honour ſuch vile perfidy approve?
Is it no honour to be true to love?
O Venus! parent of the Trojan race,
In Britain too, ſome remnants found a place;
From Brute deſcending in a line direct,
Within theſe veins thy favourite blood reſpect;
Mother of love, by men and Gods rever'd,
Confirm theſe vows, and let this prayer be heard.

The Briton to the Gaul henceforth ſhall bear
Immortal hatred, and eternal war;
Nor league, nor commerce, let the nations know,
But ſeeds of everlaſting diſcord grow;
With fire and ſword the faithleſs race purſue,
This vengeance to my injur'd love is due:
Riſe from our aſhes ſome avenging hand,
To curb their tyrants, and invade their land;
Waves fight with waves, and ſhores with ſhores engage,
And let our ſons inherit the ſame rage.

AMADIS.

Might I be heard one word in my defence——

ORIANA.

No, not a word. What ſpecious forc'd pretence
Would you invent, to gild a weak defence?
To falſe Æneas, when 'twas given by fate
To tread the paths of death, and view the Stygian ſtate,
Forſaken Dido was the firſt that ſtood
To ſtrike his eye, her boſom bath'd in blood
Freſh from her wound: Pale horror and affright
Seiz'd the falſe man, confounded at the ſight,
Trembling he gaz'd, and ſome faint words he ſpoke,
Some tears he ſhed, which, with diſdainful look,
Unmov'd ſhe heard, and ſaw, nor heeded more
Than the firm rock, when faithleſs tempeſts roar,
With one laſt look, his falſeneſs ſhe upbraids,
Then ſullenly retires, and ſeeks eternal ſhades.
Lead me, O lead me where the bleeding Queen,
With juſt reproaches loads perfidious men,

Baniſh'd

Baniſh'd from joy, from empire, and from light,
In death involve me, and in endleſs night,
But keep—that odious object—from my ſight.

[*Exit.*

Enter ARCALAUS.

ARCALAUS.

With her laſt words, ſhe ſign'd his dying breath,
Convey him ſtraight to tortures, and to death.

AMADIS.

Let me not periſh with a traitor's name,
Naked, unarm'd, and ſingle as I am;
Looſe this right hand ——

ARCALAUS.

Hence to his fate the valiant boaſter bear.

[*Sinks under the Stage with him.*

For him, let our infernal prieſts prepare
Their knives, their cords, and altars—but for her
Soft beds, and flowery banks, and fragrant bowers,
Muſic, and ſongs, and all thoſe melting powers
With which love ſteals on hearts, and tunes the mind
To tenderneſs and yielding——
Superior charms, enchant us to be kind. [*Exit.*

The Act concludes with dancing.

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

ARCALAUS, *and* ARCABON, *meeting.*

ARCALAUS.

WELCOME as after darkneſs chearful light,
Or to the weary wanderer downy night:
Smile, ſmile my Arcabon, for ever ſmile,
And with thy gayeſt looks reward my toil,
That ſullen air but ill becomes thee now,
Seeſt thou not glorious conqueſt on my brow?
Amadis, Amadis——

ARCABON.

Dead, or in chains? Be quick in thy reply.

ARCALAUS.

He lives, my Arcabon, but lives to die.
The gnawing vulture, and the reſtleſs wheel,
Shall be delight, to what the wretch ſhall feel.

ARCABON.

ARCABON.

Goddeſs of dire revenge, Erinnys, riſe,
With pleaſure grace thy lips, with joy thy eyes;
Smile like the Queen of Love, and ſtrip the rocks
Of pearls and gems, to deck thy jetty locks;
With chearful tunes diſguiſe thy hollow throat,
And emulate the lark and linnet's note;
Let Envy's ſelf rejoice, Deſpair be gay,
For Rage and Murder ſhall triumph to-day.

ARCALAUS.

Ariſe, O Ardan, from the hollow womb
Of earth, ariſe, burſt from thy brazen tomb,
Bear witneſs to the vengeance we prepare,
Rejoice, and reſt for ever void of care.

ARCABON.

Pluto, ariſe, infernal king, releaſe
Thy tortur'd ſlaves, and let the damn'd have peace,
But double all their pains on Amadis.

ARCALAUS.

Mourn all ye heavens, above yon azure plain
Let grief abound, and lamentation reign,
The Thunderer with tears bedew his ſky,
For Amadis, his champion's doom'd to die.

ARCABON.

Death be my care; for to compleat his woe,
The ſlave ſhall periſh by a woman's blow;

Thus

Thus each by turns ſhall his dire vow fulfil,
'Twas thine to vanquiſh, and 'tis mine to kill.

ARCALAUS.

So look'd Medea, when her rival bride,
Upon her nuptial day, conſuming dy'd:
O never more let love diſguiſe a face
By rage adorn'd with ſuch triumphant grace.

ARCABON.

In ſweet revenge inferior joys are loſt,
And Love lies ſhipwreck'd on the ſtormy coaſt;
Rage rules all other paſſions in my breaſt,
And ſwelling like a torrent, drowns the reſt.
Should this curs'd wretch, whom moſt my ſoul abhors,
Prove the dear man, whom moſt my ſoul adores,
Love ſhould in vain defend him with his dart,
Through all his charms I'd ſtab him to the heart.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter CELIUS, CONSTANTIUS, LUCIUS *a* Roman, *and a numerous Attendance of* Britons.

KING.

From contracts sign'd, and articles agreed,
With British faith it suits not to recede:
How may the world interpret such neglect,
And on her beauty, or her fame, reflect?
Roman, consider well what course you run,
Resolve to be my prisoner, or my son.
If this sounds rude, then know, we Britons slight
Those supple arts which foreigners delight,
Nor stand on forms to vindicate our right.

[*Exit* King *and Attendants.*

LUCIUS.

Happy extremity! now, Prince, be blest,
Of all you love, and all you wish possest;
No censure you incur, constrain'd to choose,
Possest at once of pleasure, and excuse.

CONSTANTIUS.

If for myself alone I would possess,
'Twere sensual joy, and brutal happiness.

When

When moſt we love, embracing and embrac'd,
The particle ſublime of bliſs, is plac'd
In raptures that we feel the raviſh'd charmer taſte.
Oriana, no—though certain death it be,
I'll keep my word—I'll die, or ſet thee free.
Haſte, Lucius, haſte, ſound loud our trumpets, call
Our guard to arms, though few, they're Romans all.
Now tremble, ſavage King, a Roman hand
Shall ne'er be bound, that can a ſword command.

As they go off, re-enter King CELIUS, *attended as before.*

KING.

Not to be found! ſhe muſt, ſhe ſhall be found;
Diſperſe out parties, ſearch our kingdoms round;
Follow Conſtantius, ſeize him, torture, kill;
Traitor! what vengeance I can have, I will.
Well have thy Gods, O Rome! ſecur'd thy peace,
Planted behind ſo many lands and ſeas,
Or thou ſhouldſt feel me, city, in thy fall,
More dreadful than the Samnite, or the Gaul.
But to ſupply and recompenſe this want,
Hear, O ye guardians of our iſle, and grant
That wrath may riſe, and ſtrife immortal come
Betwixt the Gods of Britain, and of Rome.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

The Scene changes to a Scene of Tombs and Dungeons, Men and Women chained in Rows, oppoſite to one another. In the Front of the Captives, Floreſtan *and* Coriſanda. *A magnificent Monument erected to the Memory of* Ardan, *with this Inſcription in large Letters of Gold:*

REVENGE IS VOW'D, REST QUIET, GENTLE SHADE,
THE LIVING SHALL BE RESTLESS TILL 'TIS HAD.

A Guard of Dæmons. Plaintive Muſic.

To be ſung by a captive King.

Look down, ye Powers, look down,
And caſt a pitying eye
Upon a monarch's miſery.
Look down, look down,
Avenge, avenge, avenge
Affronted Majeſty.

I who

I who but now on thrones of gold,
Gave laws to kingdoms uncontroul'd,
To empire born,
From empire torn,
A wretched ſlave,
A wretched ſlave,
Am now of ſlaves the ſcorn.
Alas! the ſmiles of Fortune prove
As variable as womens love.

By a captive Lover.

The happieſt mortals once were we,
I lov'd Myra, Myra me;
Each deſirous of the bleſſing,
Nothing wanting but poſſeſſing;
I lov'd Myra, Myra me,
The happieſt mortals once were we.

But ſince cruel Fates diſſever,
Torn from love, and torn for ever,
Tortures end me,
Death befriend me:
Of all pains, the greateſt pain,
Is to love, and love in vain.

By a captive Libertine.

Plague us not with idle ſtories,
Whining loves, and ſenſeleſs glories;

What are lovers, what are kings?
What at beſt but ſlaviſh things.

Free I liv'd, as Nature made me,
No proud Beauty durſt invade me,
No rebellious ſlaves betray'd me,
Free I liv'd, as Nature made me.

Each by turns, as ſenſe inſpir'd me,
Bacchus, Ceres, Venus, fir'd me;
I alone have loſt true pleaſure;
Freedom is the only treaſure.

Chorus of Dæmons.

Ceaſe, ye ſlaves, your fruitleſs grieving,
No, no,
The Powers below
No pity know;
Ceaſe, ye ſlaves, your fruitleſs grieving.

A Dance of Dæmons inſulting the Priſoners.

FLORESTAN *to* CORISANDA.

To taſte of pain, and yet to gaze on thee,
To meet, and yet to mourn, but ill agree.
Well may the brave contend, the wiſe contrive,
In vain againſt their ſtars the deſtin'd ſtrive.

CORISANDA.

So to th' appointed grove the feather'd pair
Fly chirping on, unmindful of the ſnare,
Purſuing love, and wing'd with amorous thought,
The wanton couple in one toil are caught,
In the ſame cage in mournful notes complain
Of the ſame fate, and curſe perfidious man.

A CAPTIVE.

O Heavens, take pity of our pains,
Death is a milder fate than chains.

[*A Flouriſh of Inſtruments of Horror.* Arcabon *deſcends in a Chariot drawn through the Air by Dragons, guarded by infernal Spirits. She alights and comes forward, armed with a Dagger in her Hand.*]

ARCABON.

Your vows have reach'd the Gods, your chains and breath
Have the ſame date——
Prepare for freedom, for I bring you death.
He who ſo oft has 'ſcap'd th' aſſaults of hell,
Whom yet no charms could bind, no force could quell,
By whom ſo many bold enchanters fell,

Amadis, Amadis, this joyful day,
Your guardian Deity's himself our prey.
From all their dungeons let our captives come,
Idle spectators of their hero's doom.

[*Flourish of loud Instruments of divers Sorts. Other Dungeons open, and discover more Captives.* Amadis *chained to an Altar, infernal Priests on each Side of him with Knives up-lifted ready for the Sacrifice.* Arcabon *advancing hastily to stab him, starts and stops.*]

ARCABON.

Thou dy'st—What strange and what resistless charm,
With secret force, arrests my lifted arm?
What art thou, who with more than magic art,
Dost make my hand unfaithful to my heart?

AMADIS.

One, who disdaining mercy, sues to die;
I ask not life, for life were cruelty.
Of all the wretched, search the world around,
A more unhappy never can be found;
Let loose thy rage, like an avenging God,
Fain would my soul encumber'd, cast her load.

ARCABON. [*Aside.*]

In every line and feature of that face,
The dear enchanter of my soul I trace:

M

My brother! had my father too been ſlain,
The blood of my whole race ſhould plead in vain.
The ties of nature do but weakly move,
The ſtrongeſt tie of nature, is in love.

AMADIS.

O Floreſtan! I ſee thoſe chains with ſhame,
Which I could not prevent—O ſtain to Fame!
O Honour loſt for ever! Theſeus fell,
But Hercules remain'd unconquer'd ſtill,
And freed his friend—What man could do—I did,
Nor was I overpower'd, but betray'd.
O my lov'd friend! with better grace we ſtood
In arms repelling death, wading in blood
To victories; the manly limb that trod
Firm and erect, beneath a treble load
Of ponderous mail, theſe ſhameful bonds diſdains,
And ſinks beneath th' inglorious weight of chains.

FLORESTAN.

Where ſhall the brave and good for refuge run,
When to be virtuous, is to be undone?

ARCABON.

He ſpoke—and every accent to my heart
Gave a freſh wound, and was another dart:
He weeps! but reddening at the tears that fall,
Is it for theſe? Be quick, and free them all.
Let every captive be releas'd from chains:
How is it that I love, if he complains?

Hence every grief, and every anxious care,
Mix with the ſeas and winds, breed tempeſts there:
Strike all your ſtrings, to joyful meaſures move,
And every voice ſound Liberty and Love.

[*Flouriſh of all the Muſic; the Chains at once fall off from all the Captives.* Arcabon *frees* Amadis *herſelf.*]

Chorus of all the Captives.

Liberty! Liberty!

A ſingle Voice.

Arm, arm, the generous Britons cry,
Let us live free, or let us die;
Trumpets ſounding, banners flying,
Braving tyrants, chains defying,
Arm, arm, the generous Britons cry,
Let us live free, or let us die;
Liberty! Liberty!

Chorus repeat,

Liberty! Liberty!

Another ſingle Voice.

Happy iſle, all joys poſſeſſing,
Clime reſembling heaven above,
Freedom 'tis that crowns thy bleſſing,
Land of Liberty and Love!

When

When thy nymphs, to cure complaining,
Set themſelves and lovers free,
In the bleſſing of obtaining,
Ah! how ſweet is Liberty!

Dance of Captives, expreſſing Joy for Liberty.

[Arcabon *having freed* Amadis, *they come forward together; the reſt ſtanding in Rows on each Side of the Theatre, bowing as they advance.*] .

ARCABON.

When rage, like mine, makes ſuch a ſudden pauſe,
Methinks 'twere eaſy to divine the cauſe:
The dulleſt warrior, in a lady's face,
The ſecret meaning of a bluſh may trace,
When ſhort-breath'd ſighs, and catching glances, ſent
From dying eyes, reveal the kind intent.
Let glory ſhare, but not poſſeſs you whole,
Love is the darling tranſport of the ſoul.

AMADIS.

The Lords of Fate, who all our lots decree,
Have deſtin'd Fame, no other chance for me;
My ſullen ſtars in that rough circle move;
The happy only are reſerv'd for love.

ARCABON.

The ſtars which you reproach, my art can force,
I can direct them to a kinder courſe:

Truſt to my charms, the preſent time improve,
Seleƈt and precious are the hours of love.
Unguarded ſee the virgin treaſure ſtand,
Glad of the theft, to court the robber's hand;
Honour, his wonted watch no longer keeps,
Seize quickly, ſoldier, while the dragon ſleeps.

AMADIS.

Enchanting are your looks, leſs magic lies
In your myſterious art, than in your eyes;
Such melting language claims a ſoft return,
Pity the hopeleſs flames in which I burn;
Faſt bound already, and not free to chooſe,
I prize the bleſſing fated to refuſe.

ARCABON. [*Aſide.*]

Thoſe formal lovers be for ever curſt,
Who fetter'd free-born love with honour firſt,
Who through fantaſtic laws are virtue's fools,
And againſt nature will be ſlaves to rules.
[*To him.*] Your captive friends have freedom from this hour,
Rejoice for them, but for thyſelf much more:
Sublimer bleſſings are reſerv'd for thee,
Whom love invites to be poſſeſs'd of me.
The ſhipwreck'd Greeks caſt on Ææa's ſhore,
With trembling ſteps the dubious coaſt explore,
Who firſt arrive, in vain for pity plead,
Transform'd to beaſts, a vile and monſtrous breed;

But

But when Ulyſſes with ſuperior mien
Approach'd the throne where ſat th'enchantreſs Queen,
Pleas'd with a preſence that invades her charms,
She takes the bold advent'rer in her arms,
Up to her bed ſhe leads the conqu'ror on,
Where he enjoys the daughter of the ſun.

[*She leads* Amadis *out.* Floreſtan *and* Coriſanda, *and the releaſed Captives only remain.* Floreſtan *and* Coriſanda *run into each other's Arms.*]

FLORESTAN.

In this enchanting circle let me be,
For ever and for ever bound with thee.

CORISANDA.

Soul of my ſoul, and charmer of my heart,
From theſe embraces let us never part.

FLORESTAN.

Never, O never—in ſome ſafe retreat,
Far from the noiſe and tumults of the great,
Secure and happy on each other's breaſt,
Within each other's arms we'll ever reſt;
Thoſe eyes ſhall make my days ſerene and bright,
Theſe arms, thus circling round me, bleſs the night.

[*Exeunt* Flor. *and* Cor.

[*The remaining Captives expreſs their Joy for Liberty by ſinging and dancing.*]

Chorus

Chorus of all the Captives together.

To Fortune give immortal praiſe,
Fortune depoſes, and can raiſe;
Fortune the captives chains does break,
And brings deſpairing exiles back;
However low this hour we fall,
One lucky moment may mend all.

The Act concludes with Variety of Dances.

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

ARCABON *and* ARCALAUS.

ARCALAUS.

OF women tyrants 'tis the common doom,
Each haughtily ſets out in beauty's bloom,
Till late repenting, to redeem the paſt,
You turn abandon'd proſtitutes at laſt.

ARCABON.

Who hate declares, is ſure of hate again;
Rage begets rage, diſdain provokes diſdain:
Why, why, alas! ſhould love leſs mutual prove?
Why is not love return'd with equal love?

ARCALAUS.

Bleſſings when cheap, or certain, we deſpiſe;
From ſure poſſeſſion what deſire can riſe?
Love, like ambition, dies as 'tis enjoy'd,
By doubt provok'd, by certainty deſtroy'd.

ARCABON.

ARCABON.

To govern love, alas! what woman can?
Yet 'tis an eaſy province for a man.
Why am I then of hope abandon'd quite?
There is a cure—I 'd aſk it—if I might.
Forgive me, brother, if I pry too far,
I've learnt my rival is your priſ'ner here;
If that be true———

ARCALAUS.

———What thence would you infer? [*Surlily.*

ARCABON.

What but her death—When Amadis is free
From hopes of her—there may be hope for me.

ARCALAUS.

Thou cloud to his bright Juno—Fool—ſhall he
Who has lov'd her, ever deſcend to thee?

ARCABON.

Much vainer fool art thou———where are thoſe charms
That are to tempt a Princeſs to thy arms?
Thou Vulcan to Oriana's Mars———

ARCALAUS.

———————But yet
This Vulcan has that Mars within his net.

Your

Your counsel comes too late, for 'tis decreed,
To make the woman sure, the man shall bleed.
[*Exit surlily.*

ARCABON.

First perish thou; earth, air, and seas, and sky,
Confounded in one heap of chaos lie,
And every other living creature die.
I burn, I burn; the storm that 's in my mind
Kindles my heart, like fires provok'd by wind:
Love and resentment, wishes and disdain,
Blow all at once, like winds that plough the main.
Furies! Alecto! aid my just design:
But if, averse to mercy, you decline
The pious task, assist me, Powers divine;
Just Gods, and thou their king, imperial Jove,
Strike whom you please, but save the man I love.
[*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

[*The* SCENE *changes to the Repreſentation of a fine Garden*; Oriana *ſitting penſively in a pleaſant Bower towards the lower End of the Scene. Soft Muſic playing.* Arcalaus *enters, addreſſing himſelf reſpectfully to her, ſhe riſes; they advance ſlowly towards the Front of the Stage, ſeeming in mute Diſcourſe, till the Muſic ceaſes.*]

ARCALAUS *and* ORIANA.

ARCALAUS.

Of freedom loſt, unjuſtly you complain,
Born to command, where-e'er you come you reign;
No fetters here you wear, but others bind,
And not a priſon, but an empire find.

ORIANA.

Death I expect, and I deſire it too,
'Tis all the mercy to be wiſh'd from you.
To die, is to be free: Oh let me find
A ſpeedy death—that freedom would be kind.

ARCALAUS.

Too cruel to ſuſpect ſuch uſage meant,
Here is no death, but what your eyes preſent:
O may they reign, thoſe arbiters of fate,
Immortal, as the loves which they create.

We

We know the cauſe of this prepoſterous grief,
And we ſhould pity, were there no relief:
One lover loſt, have you not millions more?
Can you complain of want, whom all adore?
All hearts are yours; even mine, that fierce and free
Ranging at large, diſdain'd captivity,
Caught by your charms, the ſavage trembling lies,
And proſtrate in his chain, for mercy dies.

ORIANA.

Reſpect is limited to power alone,
Beauty diſtreſs'd, like kings from empire thrown,
Each Inſolent invades———
How art thou chang'd! ah, wretched Princeſs! now,
When every ſlave that loves, dares tell thee ſo?

ARCALAUS.

If I do love, the fault is in your eyes,
Blame them who wound, and not your ſlave who dies:
If we may love, then ſure we may declare;
If we may not, ah! why are you ſo fair?
Who can unmov'd behold that heavenly face,
Thoſe radiant eyes, and that reſiſtleſs grace?

ORIANA.

Pluck out theſe eyes, revenge thee on my face,
Tear off my cheeks, and root up every grace,
Diſfigure, kill me, kill me inſtantly,
Thus may'ſt thou free thyſelf at once, and me.

ARCALAUS.

ARCALAUS.

Such ſtrange commands 'twere impious to obey,
I would revenge myſelf a gentler way.

[*Offering to take her hand, ſhe ſnatches it away diſdainfully.*

ORIANA.

Some whirlwind bear me from this odious place,
Earth open wide, and bury my diſgrace;
Save me, ye Powers, from violence and ſhame,
Aſſiſt my virtue, and protect my fame.

ARCALAUS. [*Aſide.*]

Love, with ſubmiſſion, firſt begins in courſe,
But when that fails, a ſure reſerve is force:
The niceſt dames who our embraces ſhun,
Wait only a pretence—and force is one:
She who through frailty yields, diſhonour gains,
But ſhe that 's forc'd, her innocence retains:
Debtors and ſlaves for favours they beſtow,
Invading, we are free, and nothing owe.
No ties of love or gratitude conſtrain,
But as we like, we leave—or come again.
It ſhall be ſo.——
[*To her.*] Since ſofter arguments have prov'd ſo vain,
Force is the laſt, reſiſt it if you can.

[*He ſeizes her, ſhe breaks from him.*

ORIANA.

ORIANA.

Help—help—ye Gods!

ARCALAUS.

Who with ſuch courage can reſiſt deſire,
With what a rage ſhe'll love when raptures fire!
Behold in chains your vanquiſh'd minion lies,
And if for nothing but this ſcorn, he dies.

[Amadis *diſcovered in Chains.* Arcalaus *advancing to ſtab him,* Arcabon *enters in the Inſtant and offers to ſtab* Oriana.]

ARCABON.

Strike boldly, murd'rer, ſtrike him to the ground,
While thus my dagger anſwers every wound.
By what new magic is thy vengeance charm'd?
Trembles thy hand before a man unarm'd?

ORIANA.

Strike, my deliverer, 'tis a friendly ſtroke,
I ſhun thee not, but rather would provoke:
Death to the wretched is an end of care,
But yet, methinks, he might that victim ſpare.

[*Pointing to* Amadis.

AMADIS.

Burſt, burſt theſe chains, juſt Gods can you look down,
On ſuch diſtreſs, like idle lookers-on?
My ſoul, till now, no dangers could affright,
But trembles like a coward's, at this ſight.

ARCABON.

So paſſionate! but I'll revenge it here——

ARCALAUS.

Hold, Fury—or I ſtrike as home—forbear.——

[Arcabon *offering to ſtab* Oriana, Arcalaus *does the ſame to* Amadis; *both with-hold their Blow.*]

[*Trumpets, Kettle-drums, and warlike Inſtruments of all Kinds, reſound from all Parts of the Theatre.* Urganda *enters haſtily with a numerous Train.* Arcalaus *and* Arcabon *ſurprized, retire to the oppoſite Side of the Stage.*]

URGANDA.

To arms, to arms, ye ſpirits of the air,
Ye guardians of the brave, and of the fair,
Leave your bright manſions, and in arms appear.

[*Warlike*

[*Warlike Muſic ſounds a Charge*; *Spirits deſcend in Clouds*; *ſome continue in the Air playing upon Inſtruments of War, others remain ranged in Order of Battle*; *others deſcend upon the Stage, ranging themſelves by* Amadis, *whom* Urganda *frees, giving him a Sword.* Oriana *likewiſe is freed.*]

ARCABON.

Fly quick, ye dæmons, from your black abodes,
And try another combat with the Gods;
Blue fires, and peſtilential fumes ariſe,
And flaming fountains ſpout againſt the ſkies;
From their broad roots theſe oaks and cedars tear,
Burn like my love, and rage like my deſpair.

[*Trumpets ſound on* Arcabon's *Side, which are anſwered on* Urganda's. *The Grove appears in an Inſtant all in a Flame*; *Fountains from below caſt up Fire as in Spouts*; *a Rain of Fire from above*; *the Sky darkened*; *Dæmons range themſelves on the Stage by* Arcalaus *and* Arcabon; *other Dæmons face* Urganda; *Spirits in the Air*; *martial Inſtruments ſounding from all Parts of the Theatre*; Arcalaus *advances before his Party, with his Sword drawn, to* Amadis.]

ARCALAUS.

Let Heaven and Hell ſtand neuter, while we try,
On equal terms, which of us two ſhall die.

[Arcalaus *and* Amadis *engage at the Head of their Parties; a Fight at the same Time in the Air, and upon the Stage; all Sorts of loud Instruments sounding;* Arcalaus *falls: the Dæmons, some fly away through the Air, others sink under Ground, with horrible Cries.*]

URGANDA.

Sound tunes of triumph, all ye winds, and bear
Your notes aloft, that heaven and earth may hear;
And thou, O Sun! shine out serene and gay,
And bright, as when the giants lost the day.

[*Tunes of Triumph; the Sky clears; the Grove returns to its first Prospect. A large Ball of Fire representing the Figure of the Sun descends gradually to the Stage;* Amadis *approaching* Oriana *respectfully;* Arcabon *stands sullen and observing.*]

AMADIS. [*To* ORIANA.]

While Amadis Oriana's love possest,
Secure of empire in that beauteous breast,
Not Jove, the king of Gods, like Amadis was blest.

ORIANA.

While to Oriana Amadis was true,
Nor wandering flames to distant climates drew,
No heaven, but only love, the pleas'd Oriana knew.

AMADIS.

AMADIS.

That heaven of love, alas! is mine no more,
Braving thoſe Powers by whom ſhe falſely ſwore;
She to Conſtantius would thoſe charms reſign,
If oaths could bind, that ſhould be only mine.

ORIANA.

With a feign'd falſehood you'd evade your part
Of guilt, and tax a tender faithful heart:
While by ſuch ways you'd hide a conſcious flame,
The only virtue you have left, is ſhame.
[*Turning diſdainfully from him.*

AMADIS. [*Approaching tenderly.*]

But ſhould this injur'd vaſſal you ſuſpect
Prove true—Ah! what return might he expect?

ORIANA. [*Returning to him with an air of tenderneſs.*]

Though brave Conſtantius charms with every art,
That can entice a tender virgin's heart,
Whether he ſhines for glory, or delight,
To tempt ambition, or enchant the ſight,
Were Amadis reſtor'd to my eſteem,
I would reject a Deity—for him.

AMADIS.

Though falſe as watery bubbles blown by wind,
Fixt in my ſoul, and rooted in my mind,
I love Oriana, faithleſs and unkind.

O were she kind, and faithful, as she's fair!
For her alone I'd live——and die for her.

URGANDA.

Adjourn these murmurs of returning love,
And from this scene of rage and fate remove.

[*To* ARCABON.]

Thy empire, Arcabon, concludes this hour,
Short is the date of all flagitious power:
Spar'd be thy life, that thou may'st living bear
The torments of the damn'd in thy despair.

[*To* ORIANA *and* AMADIS.]

Where zephyrs only breathe in myrtle groves,
There will I lead you to debate your loves.

[*The Machine representing the Figure of the Sun opens and appears to be a Chariot refulgent with Rays, magnificently gilt and adorned, with convenient Seats, to which* Urganda *conducts* Oriana; Amadis *following*, Arcabon *stops him by the Robe.*]

ARCABON.

ARCABON.

What, not one look? not one diſſembling ſmile,
To thank me for your life? or to beguile
Deſpair? Cold and ungrateful as thou art,
Hence from my ſight for ever, and my heart.

[*Letting go her hold with an air of contempt.*

Back, ſoldier, to the camp, thy proper ſphere,
Stick to thy trade, dull hero, follow war;
Uſeleſs to women——thou mere image, meant
To raiſe deſire—and then to diſappoint.

[Amadis *takes his Place in* Urganda's *Chariot, which riſes gradually in the Air, not quite diſappearing till the Cloſe of* Arcabon's *Speech.*]

So ready to be gone——Barbarian, ſtay.
He 's gone, and love returns, and pride gives way.
O ſtay, come back——Horror and Hell! I burn!
I rage! I rave! I die!——Return, return!
Eternal racks my tortur'd boſom tear,
Vultures with endleſs pangs are gnawing there;
Fury! Diſtraction——I am all deſpair.
Burning with love, may'ſt thou ne'er aim at bliſs,
But thunder ſhake thy limbs, and lightening blaſt
thy kiſs;

While pale, aghaſt, a ſpectre I ſtand by,
Pleas'd at the terrors that diſtract thy joy!
Plague of my life! thy impotence ſhall be
A curſe to her, worſe than thy ſcorn to me.

[*Exit.*

CHORUS.

Firſt Voice.

The battle's done,
Our wars are over,
The battle's done,
Let laurels crown
Whom rugged ſteel did cover.

Second Voice.

Let myrtles too
Bring peace for ever,
Let myrtles too
Adorn the brow,
That bent beneath the warlike beaver.

A full CHORUS *of all the Voices and Inſtruments.*

Let trumpets and tymbals,
Let Atabals and cymbals,
Let drums and hautboys give over;

But

But let flutes,
And let lutes
Our paſſions excite
To gentler delight,
And every Mars be a lover.

DANCES, *with which the Act concludes.*

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

ACT V.

SCENE I.

SCENE, Urganda's *enchanted Palace.*

The Scenes are adorned and diverſified with the ſeveral Repreſentations of the Adventures and Exploits of Heroes and Heroines: A large Piece facing the Front, repreſenting their Apotheoſis, *or Reception among the Gods.*

AMADIS *and* ORIANA.

ORIANA.

IN my eſteem he well deſerves a part,
He ſhares my praiſe, but you have all my heart:
When equal virtues in the ſcales are try'd,
And juſtice againſt neither can decide;
When judgment, thus perplex'd, ſuſpends the choice,
Fancy muſt ſpeak, and give the caſting voice:
Much to his love, much to his merit's due,
But powerful inclination was for you.

AMADIS.

AMADIS.

Thou haſt no equal, a ſuperior ray
Unrival'd as the light that rules the day.
Should Fame ſolicit me with all her charms,
Not blooming laurels nor victorious arms
Should purchaſe but a grain of the delight,
A moment from the raptures of this night.

ORIANA.

Wrong not my virtue, to ſuppoſe that I
Can grant to love, what duty muſt deny;
A father's will is wanting, and my breaſt
Is rul'd by glory, though by love poſſeſt:
Rather than be another's, I would die;
Nor can be yours, till duty ſhall comply.

AMADIS.

Hard rules, which thus the nobleſt loves engage,
To wait the peeviſh humours of old age!
Think not the lawfulneſs of love conſiſts
In parents wills, or in the forms of prieſts;
Such are but licens'd rapes, which vengeance draw
From Heav'n, howe'er approv'd by human law.
Marriage the happieſt bond of love might be,
If hands were only join'd, when hearts agree.

Enter

Enter URGANDA, CORISANDA, FLORESTAN, *and Attendants to* URGANDA.

URGANDA.

Here faithful lovers to ſure joys remove,
The ſoft retreat of glory and of love,
By fate prepar'd, to crown the happy hours
Of mighty kings, and famous conquerors:
Here, gallant Prince, let all your labours end;
Before, I gave a Miſtreſs; now, a friend;
The greateſt bleſſings which the Gods can ſend.
[*Preſenting* Floreſtan.

AMADIS.

O Floreſtan! there was but thus to meet,
Thus to embrace, to make my joys compleat;
The ſight of thee does ſuch vaſt tranſports breed,
As ſcarce the extaſies of love exceed.

FLORESTAN.

If beyond love or glory is a taſte
Of pleaſure, it is ſure in friendſhip plac'd.

ORIANA.

My Coriſanda too! [*Embracing her.*
Not Floreſtan could fly with greater haſte
To take thee in his arms—O welcome to my breaſt,
As to thy lover's——

CORI-

CORISANDA.

——— ——— O joy compleat!
Bleſt day!
Wherein ſo many friends and lovers meet.

FLORESTAN.

The ſtorm blown over, ſo the wanton doves
Shake from their plumes the rain, and ſeek the groves,
Pair their glad mates, and coo eternal loves.

AMADIS.

O Floreſtan! bleſt as thou doſt deſerve,
To thee the Fates are kind, without reſerve.
My joys are not ſo full; though Love would yield,
Fierce Honour ſtands his ground, and keeps the field;
Nature within ſeduc'd, in vain befriends,
While Honour, with his guard of pride, defends:
O Nature! frail, and faulty in thy frame,
Fomenting wiſhes, Honour muſt condemn;
Or O! too rigid Honour, thus to bind,
When Nature prompts, and when Deſire is kind.

Enter ARCABON *conducting* CONSTANTIUS, *her Garments looſe, and Hair diſhevelled, ſeeming frantic.* CONSTANTIUS *in deep Mourning.*

ARCABON.

This, Roman, is the place: 'Tis magic ground,
Hid by enchantment, by enchantment found.
Behold

Behold them at our view diſſolve in fear,
Two armies, are two lovers in deſpair;
Proceed, be bold, and ſcorning to entreat,
Think all her ſtrugglings feign'd, her cries deceit!
Kill him, and raviſh her—for ſo would I,
Were I a man—or rather let both die.
The rape may pleaſe——
Each was diſdain'd; to equal rage reſign
Thy heart, and let it burn and blaze like mine.
'Tis ſweet to love, but when with ſcorn we meet,
Revenge ſupplies the loſs with joys as great.

[*A Chariot deſcends ſwiftly, into which ſhe enters at the following Lines*]

Up to th' etherial heavens, where Gods reſide,
Lo! thus I fly, to thunder on thy ſide.

[*A Clap of Thunder. The Chariot mounts in the Air, and vaniſhes with her.*]

CONSTANTIUS.

Fly where thou wilt, but not to bleſt abodes,
For ſure, where-e'er thou art, there are no Gods.

[*Addreſſing himſelf to* Oriana.]

I come not here an object to affright,
Or to moleſt, but add to your delight.
Behold a Prince expiring in your view,
Whoſe life 's a burthen to himſelf, and you.

Fate

Fate and the King all other means deny
To set you free, but that Constantius die.
A Roman arm had play'd a Roman part,
But 'tis prevented by my breaking heart;
I thank ye, Gods, nor think my doom severe,
Resigning life, on any terms, for her.

URGANDA.

What cruel destiny on Beauty waits,
When on one face depends so many fates!

CONSTANTIUS.

Make room, ye Decii, whose devoted breath
Secur'd your country's happiness by death;
I come a sacrifice no less renown'd,
The cause as glorious, and as sure the wound.
O Love! with all thy sweets let her be blest,
Thy reign be gentle in that beauteous breast.
Though thy malignant beams, with deadly force,
Have scorch'd my joys, and in their baneful course
Wither'd each plant, and dry'd up every source;
Ah! to Oriana shine less fatal bright,
Cherish her heart, and nourish her delight,
Restrain each cruel influence that destroys,
Bless all her days, and ripen all her joys.

[Oriana

[Oriana *weeps, and ſhews concern*; Amadis *addreſſing himſelf to* Conſtantius.]

AMADIS.

Were Fortune us'd to ſmile upon deſert,
Love had been yours, to die had been my part:
Thus Fate divides the prize; though Beauty's mine,
Yet Fame, our other miſtreſs, is more thine.
[Conſtantius *looking ſternly upon him.*
Diſdain not, gallant Prince, a rival's praiſe,
Whom your high worth thus humbles to confeſs
In every thing but love, he merits leſs.

CONSTANTIUS.

Art thou that rival then? O killing ſhame!
And has he view'd me thus, ſo weak, ſo tame?
Like a ſcorn'd captive proſtrate at his ſide,
To grace his triumph, and delight his pride?
O 'tis too much! and Nature in diſdain
Turns back from death, and firing every vein,
Reddens with rage, and kindles life again.
Be firm, my ſoul, quick from this ſcene remove,
Or madneſs elſe may be too ſtrong for love.
Spent as I am, and wearied with the weight
Of burthening life—I could reverſe my fate.
Thus planted—ſtand thy everlaſting bar——
[*Seizes him, holding a dagger at his breaſt*; Amadis *does the ſame, each holding a dagger ready to ſtrike.*
But for Oriana's ſake 'tis better here.

[*Stabs himself*; Amadis *throws away his dagger, and supports him*: *they all help.*]

ORIANA.

Live, generous Prince, such virtue ne'er should die.

CONSTANTIUS.

I've liv'd enough, of all I wish, possest,
If dying—I may leave Oriana blest.
The last warm drop forsakes my bleeding heart;
Oh Love! how sure a murderer thou art. [*Dies.*

ORIANA. [*Weeping.*]

There breaks the noblest heart that ever burn'd
In flames of love, for ever to be mourn'd.

AMADIS.

Lavish to him, you wrong an equal flame;
Had he been lov'd, my heart had done the same.

FLORESTAN.

Oh Emperor! all ages must agree,
Such, but more happy, should all lovers be.

URGANDA. [*To* Oriana.]

No lover now throughout the world remains,
But Amadis, deserving of your chains.
Remove that mournful object from the sight.
[*Carry off the body.*

Ere

Ere yon bright beams are ſhadow'd o'er with night,
The ſtubborn king ſhall licenſe your delight;
The torch, already bright with nuptial fire,
Shall bring you to the bridegroom you deſire;
And Honour, which ſo long has kept in doubt,
Be better pleas'd to yield, than to hold out.

[*Flouriſh of all the Muſic. The Stage fills with Singers and Dancers, in the Habits of Heroes and Heroines.*]

Urganda *conducts* Amadis, Oriana, *&c. to a Seat during the following Entertainment.*

Firſt Voice.

Make room for the combat, make room;
Sound the trumpet and drum;
A fairer than Venus prepares
To encounter a greater than Mars.
The Gods of deſire take part in the fray,
And Love ſits like Jove to decide the great day.
Make room for the combat, make room;
Sound the trumpet and drum.

Second Voice.

Give the word to begin,
Let the combatants in,
The challenger enters all glorious;
But Love has decreed
Though Beauty may bleed,
Yet Beauty ſhall ſtill be victorious.

CHORUS.

Make room for the combat, make room;
Sound the trumpet and drum.

[*Here two Parties enter from the oppoſite Sides of the Theatre, armed at all Points, marching in warlike Order. And then dance ſeveral Pyrrick or Martial Dances, with Swords and Bucklers. Which ended, the Singers again advance.*]

To be ſung.

Help! help! th' unpractis'd conqu'ror cries;
He faints, he falls; help! help! Ah me! he dies:
Gently ſhe tries to raiſe his head,
And weeps, alas! to think him dead.

Sound,

Sound, ſound a charge—'tis war again;
Again he fights, again is ſlain;
Again, again, help! help! ſhe cries,
He faints, he falls, help! help! Ah me! he dies.

Dance of Heroes and Heroines.

Then Singers again come forward.

To be ſung.

Happy pair,
Free from care,
Enjoy the bleſſing
Of ſweet poſſeſſing;
Free from care,
Happy pair.
Love inviting,
Souls uniting;
Deſiring,
Expiring;
Enjoy the bleſſing
Of ſweet poſſeſſing;
Free from care,
Happy pair.

Another Dance of Heroes and Heroines.

Then a full CHORUS *of all the Voices and Inſtruments.*

Be true, all ye lovers, whate'er you endure;
Though cruel the pain is, how ſweet is the cure!
In the hour of poſſeſſing,
So divine is the bleſſing,
That one moment's obtaining,
Pays an age of complaining.
Be true, all ye lovers, whate'er you endure;
Though cruel the pain is, how ſweet is the cure!

[*Here follows Variety of Dances, with which the Entertainment concluding,* Amadis, Oriana, *&c. riſe and come forward.*]

AMADIS.

So Phœbus mounts triumphant in the ſkies,
The clouds diſperſe, and gloomy horror flies;
Darkneſs gives place to the victorious light,
And all around is gay, and all around is bright.

ORIANA.

Our preſent joys are ſweeter for paſt pain;
To Love and Heaven, by ſuffering we attain.

URGANDA.

URGANDA.

Whate'er the virtuous and the juſt endure,
Slow the reward may be, but always ſure.

[*A triumphant flouriſh of all the inſtruments, with which the play concludes.*

EPILOGUE.

By the Right Honourable JOSEPH ADDISON, Eſq;

WHEN Orpheus tun'd his pipe with pleaſing woe
Rivers forgot to run, and winds to blow;
While liſt'ning foreſts cover'd, as he play'd,
The ſoft Muſician in a moving ſhade.
That this night's ſtrains the ſame ſucceſs may find,
The force of magic is to beauty join'd:
Where ſounding ſtrings, and artful voices fail,
The charming rod, and mutter'd ſpells prevail.
Let ſage URGANDA wave the circling wand
On barren mountains, or a waſte of ſand,
The deſart ſmiles, the woods begin to grow,
The birds to warble, and the ſprings to flow.

The ſame dull ſights in the ſame landſkip mixt,
Scenes of ſtill life, and points for ever fixt,
A tedious pleaſure on the mind beſtow,
And pall the ſenſe with one continued ſhow:
But as our two magicians try their ſkill,
The viſion varies, tho' the place ſtands ſtill;
While the ſame ſpot its gaudy form renews,
Shifting the proſpect to a thouſand views.
Thus (without unity of place tranſgreſs'd)
Th' enchanter turns the critic to a jeſt.

But

But howſoe'er to pleaſe your wand'ring eyes,
Bright objects diſappear, and brighter riſe:
There's none can make amends for loſt delight,
While from that circle * we divert your ſight.

* The Ladies.

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